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DECEMBER 17, 1971

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NATIONAL REVIEW

The Vindication of John Bricker

JOHN KAPLAN

How to Overrun Czechoslovakia

—A MANUAL BY ALEX MARTIN

A Liberal Draws the Line

SAMUEL McCRACKEN

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RICHMOND CRINKLEY [illegible]E KENNEDY CENTER ♦ &
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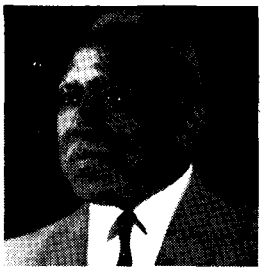

BLACK and CONSERVATIVE

The Autobiography of Negro conservative George S. Schuyler

Who said that all Negroes are poor . . . uneducated . . . "dangerous"? Who said no Negro will help himself without massive injections of federal aid from the "Great Society"? Who said there is no Negro middle class in America . . . or that there are no wealthy Negroes?

Above all, WHO SAID that Negroes — rich or poor — welcome the "pity pitch" that white Liberals have been handing out for years with cruel indifference to the fact that they are castrating Negro self-respect as they endlessly cry out, "Human rights! Human rights!"

BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE IS A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

"The welfare of Negroes is primarily the responsibility of Negroes."—George S. Schuyler

George S. Schuyler, successful journalist and the author of BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE, is the embodiment of a large and important segment of middle-class America: the successful, comfortable American Negro family. His new book presses hard for an answer to this: *"Why has the Liberal press rendered millions of successful Negroes completely invisible?* Why have the networks failed to acknowledge *this* part of our Negro population? People who want no government handouts . . . need no charity. Negro people who, without sit-ins and marches and bloody riots, have long ago shown that they can be as 'equal' as anybody."

Though BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE is autobiographical, its importance lies well beyond the fact that it is the engaging life story of a courageous newspaperman with an unpopular cause. Schuyler's experiences over the last four decades – first in the Socialist movement and then (as the folly of this cause revealed itself) as an ardent conservative and anti-Communist – are filled with important data that no American should be without.

He takes us back to the early days of the Socialist movement in America, and to the spreading infection of Communist thought in education and government during the 30's. But he *also* reveals the ways in which energetic Negroes have long been able to rise and flourish in "whitey's" world – without handouts. As a newspaper man, he is wonderfully adept at bringing to life key moments . . . key events . . . and key *people*, both on the left and right, who helped set the stage for today's world. You get important insights into men like Harry Bridges . . . Roy Wilkins . . . Louis Budenz . . . Ralph Bunche . . . John Chamberlain . . . Victor Lasky . . . Eugene Lyons . . . Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. . . . Norman Thomas . . . and many others.

The Negro Revolution

On this anguished issue, George Schuyler's is a voice of sanity. No Uncle Tom, he refuses to blink away the burdens of discrimination; and his words carry weight because he speaks without bitterness . . . because he is anxious to *defend* American society, not tear it down.

Schuyler heaps scorn on professional agitators, whom he labels self-serving, with a "vested interest in disaster". He charges that the Negro Revolution is inspired by Communists and other collectivists, backed by a horde of Liberal apologists.

Above all, he pleads for patience, doesn't look for "instant perfection", maintains that America is dealing with its racial problems far more generously than any other nation. In a telling point, Schuyler cites the "revolution of rising expectations" as proof that American Negroes have not only been making rapid strides for decades; they *know* it. And that is precisely why they have expectations that Negroes elsewhere wouldn't dream of.

Hundreds of Vitally Important HARD FACTS Fill This Revealing Book:

- **Why the Negro Press began swallowing the Communist line as far back as the 30's.**
- **Communist fronts aimed at Negroes in the Red Decade.**
- **The deliberate myths attached to overcrowding in Harlem . . . and the myths about universal Negro self-hatred.**
- **How Socialist clothing unions preached brotherhood—and barred Negroes.**
- **Schuyler blows the whistle on W.E.B. DuBois.**
- **The origin of the slogan, "We shall overcome".**
- **Surprising facts about the mixed feelings of Negroes on miscegenation.**

Risk-Free Examination

Sound like a refreshing book? Indeed it is, and heartening. George Schuyler is living proof that a Negro need not feel alienated in his native land. If his voice is a lonely one today, this book will tell other responsible Negroes that they are not alone – and remind whites that they must reach out to men like George Schuyler.

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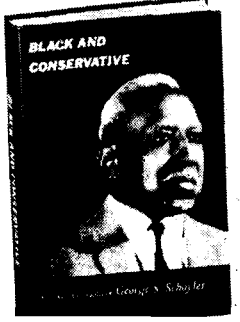

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Alex Martin, an *NR* operative on the Continent, comes in from the cold with a behind-the-scenes glimpse of Czech and Soviet Communist politics before, during and after the 1968 invasion. Vasil Bilak, leader of the Slovakian Communist Party, and very much Moscow's man in Prague, is not going to like it at all, but, by means which cannot be disclosed, Martin acquired the transcript of some extensive and revealing remarks made by Bilak to his Communist colleagues. Sample: "At the discussions in Moscow they explained to us that they originally planned to send in four divisions. But when they saw that even the Presidium was against them, the government against them, the National Assembly against them, and there was a terrible outcry, they thought that the Americans or the West Germans might take advantage of the chaos. So they threw in 29 divisions. They were determined to have it out even with West Germany. They told us in Moscow: 'You must realize that we will not let go of Czechoslovakia. . . . We shall not let Czechoslovakia out of the alliance even if we have to risk a third world war.' " . . . **Samuel McCracken** is a professor of literature in his mid-thirties who, to his own surprise, finds himself appearing in *NR*. He says he "finds more to agree with in *NR* than in *Ramparts*," because liberalism, he protests, is not, repeat not, an ally of the New Left. . . . Our own man in Athens, **Taki Theodoracopulos**, covers the recent Agnew visit and—Edith Efron, where are you?—actually *sees* the newsmen trying to give the news a good hard twist. Taki is now in Pakistan, and will be filing copy for *NR* from the war zone. . . . **John Kaplan**, a professor at Stanford Law School, is one of the nation's leading legal experts on the drug problem. Here he takes a look at a new drug-control treaty which is creeping on little cat feet toward Senate ratification and concludes that yes, John Bricker was right after all. —J.H.

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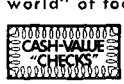

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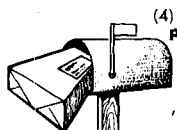

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NR 12-17

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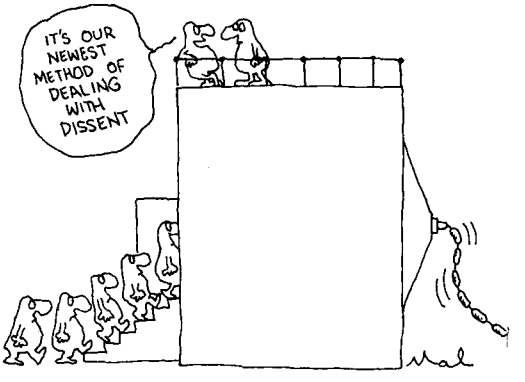
FOR THE RECORD

■ They were all there, in Chicago, over Dec. 3-5 weekend to organize a **National Youth Caucus** for '72. It was to be a bipartisan effort, the organizers said, but the only Republican they felt they could invite to speak was Congressman **Paul McCloskey** "because he is the only Republican who is challenging Nixon's policies." Other speakers: Reps. **Bella Abzug** and **Ronald Dellums**, concerned Vietnam veteran **John Kerry**, Georgia state legislator **Julian Bond**, the Rev. **Jesse Jackson** (Operation Breadbasket) and former congressman and present ADA chairman **Allard Lowenstein**. Among the many groups represented: the **Ripon Society** and **America**, meeting at Hot Springs, . . . A week earlier, another group of The Kids, **Young Democrats of America,** meeting at Hot Springs, Arkansas, came out for amnesty for draft-dodgers and deserters; an informal poll showed their Presidential preference was **Teddy Kennedy**. . . . Latest **Gallup** indicates labor leaders in Bal Harbour out of tune with their constituencies. It shows that while 45 per cent of union members disapprove of the way **Nixon** is handling his job, 43 per cent approve. (The labor vote in 1968 was more lopsided: **Humphrey** 56 per cent, Nixon 29 per cent, **George Wallace** 15 per cent.) . . . Incidentally, a *Washington Post* rundown of reader reaction to the Bal Harbour incident was unanimous—5 to 0—against **Meany**, mostly on grounds that he had insulted the office of the President of the United States. One writer said incident had swung him back into Nixon camp. . . . Latest **Harris** poll shows Wallace candidacy in '72 would take two votes from Democrats in the North to every vote from Republicans.

■ Ripon Society has taken position left of most Republican senators: It has come out formally against confirmation of **William Rehnquist** to Supreme Court. . . . Ninth anniversary dinner of Ripon Society, held in Minneapolis Dec. 4, had Sen. **Charles Mathias** of Maryland as featured speaker. On list of sponsors, most of the leaders of the Minnesota Republican Party including both state chairmen and both national committeemen. . . . Ripon, incidentally, very cross with freshman Representative **Jack Kemp** of Buffalo because it



fears Kemp has his eye on **Jacob Javits'** Senate seat (why not?). **Spiro Agnew** appeared at recent Kemp fund-raising dinner, praised the conservative congressman and predicted a "brilliant and exciting future" for him—which is very suspicious, Ripon thinks. . . . Not scaring anyone much, a poll ordered by **Sam Yorty** forces that shows Yorty leading *all* other Democratic candidates in New Hampshire. . . . Low, low rating of **Henry Jackson** in New Hampshire by professional pollsters might just lead to his withdrawal from that primary, according to Washington sources. . . . Actually, Mrs. **Shirley Chisholm** thinks she should be leading the polls since, as she said when she announced: "Of all the candidates announced and unannounced, I am the best thing going right now."

■ **Chile** beginning to replace **Cuba** as meeting place for Communist-radical operations. For instance, the six-week tour of Eastern and Western Europe by **Angela Davis'** sister **Fania Jordan** was under auspices of **World Federation of Youth** and organized at a meeting in Santiago last September. Mrs. Jordan says **World Peace Council** (another Communist front) intends to raise question of Angela Davis in the **UN Committee on Apartheid**. . . . Also worked out at that Santiago meeting, plans for Tenth World Festival of Youth, **Berlin (East)** summer of 1973. . . . Swedish embassy in Santiago says **Sweden** plans to organize an aid commission for Chile; the only other Latin American country with Swedish aid program is Cuba. . . . French sources say **Régis Debray**, the French Communist writer imprisoned in **Bolivia** after **Che Guevara**'s death, will return to Chile from France, plans to live there permanently.

■ Of interest to conservatives: 1) The "American Political Report," a brand new and informative newsletter by **Kevin Phillips** (4720 Montgomery Avenue, Bethesda, Md. 20014); 2) a new quarterly *Politeia*, "a journal for people who make politics a profession" (President, **F. Clifton White**) (Suite 618, Conn. Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036); 3) fifteen or twenty openings in the **White House Fellows** program through which young leaders in many fields can get one year's concentrated experience in government. (Applications close December 15; write Commission on White House Fellows, Washington, D.C. 20500, for further information.)

□ Sounds like an Iron Curtain election: 99 per cent of all American homes wired for **TV** have at least one TV set; 40 per cent have two: one black-and-white, one color.

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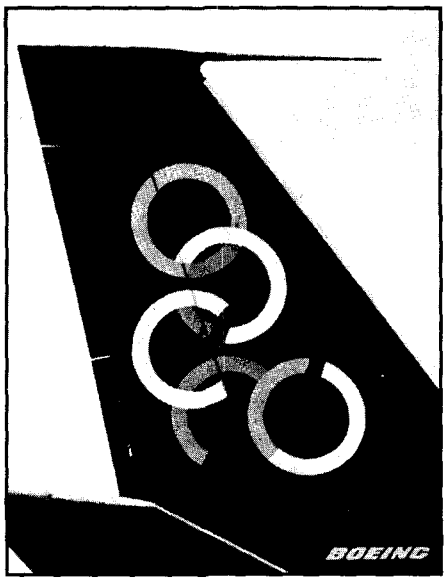

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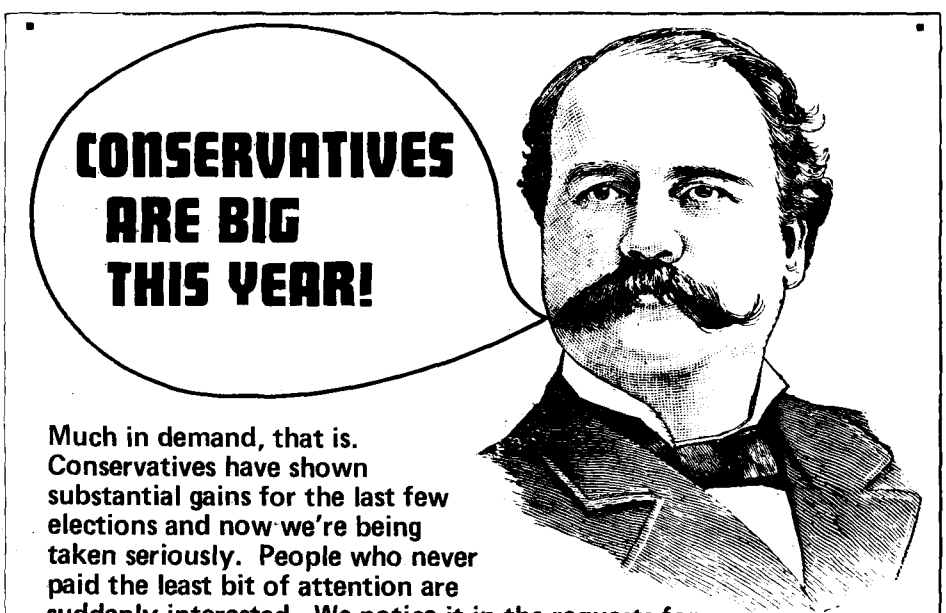

Much in demand, that is. Conservatives have shown substantial gains for the last few elections and now we're being taken seriously. People who never paid the least bit of attention are suddenly interested. We notice it in the requests for speakers we are already getting from non-conservative groups. If this is any indication it's going to get harder and harder to find a good conservative speaker. They all will have been spoken for, so to speak. Don't let this happen to you or your organization. If you want to launch a candidacy, put some life into your campaign, create publicity, sell tickets for any worthy cause—you need a good speaker. And you get the best at Catherine Babcock, Inc. So why not take the first step now. Just drop us a line.

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LETTERS

End of the UN

I have never in my life heard—or read—a speech so magnificent in its overtones as the one William F. Buckley Jr. delivered at the Hotel Commodore after the UN vote on China ["The End of the United Nations?," Nov. 19].

As long as there are Americans who can articulate with such effect the ideals which have moved this nation throughout its history—ideals of humanity, compassion and justice—the United States will not fall before those unprincipled forces in the world whose motivations are not based on those ideals. It is self-evident that only on those regrettable occasions when this country has allowed itself to forget those ideals has it been propelled toward danger.

For what they are worth, my most profound congratulations!

Jamaica, N.Y. EVELYN A. HANLEY

With the major premises of Mr. Buckley's speech re the UN I am in general agreement; but with the conclusion, that we ought henceforth to do everything in the Assembly but vote, no.

Granted this course would have some psychologically ameliorative effects on our own people, it could have none at all upon the rest of the world. Instead, it would be interpreted as merely pettishness on our part. Nor would it alter in the slightest any future actions taken by the Assembly.

Mr. Buckley says (and I am inclined to agree) that Taiwan's absence will serve to focus attention upon that small nation as its presence has never done. If this is true of a nation of fifteen million people whose contributions to the activities of the UN have been negligible, why would it not be infinitely more true of a nation of 200 million which has been the mainstay of those operations since 1945? Especially if the latter's withdrawal were voluntary, as a formal condemnation of actions and policies which are, in the last analysis, indefensible?

The impelling motive of the majority of those who voted against Taiwan was *not* a conviction that they were doing the right thing, but rather a desire to score off the U.S. And they will continue to be guided by that objective so long as our reaction finds no more forceful expression than mere abstention from voting.

I say, withdraw; and in so doing, make it absolutely clear to the rest of the world exactly why. We're bound to pursue our commitments to Taiwan anyway; we have decided to re-establish some connections with Rhodesia; so why not conduct our

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foreign policy independently of the UN, instead of in defiance of it? We would thereby incur no greater criticism than we would by simply abstaining from voting, but it would be endured to much greater effect.

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN C. ROBB

Franco's Cathedral

J. Bryan III's article, "A Pillow for El Caudillo" [Nov. 19], brought to mind the startling contrast between two Spanish cities: Madrid and Barcelona. The latter, the conquered, has been politically and economically suppressed for almost 35 years: her language and customs banned at times, her intellectuals arrested and shot, her newspapers censored; just recently respected participants in an anti-Franco conference were arrested. Yet as any tourist, student or businessman knows, Barcelona remains intellectually and spiritually vigorous, the most beautiful and warm city in Spain. Madrid remains sterile; a testimony to totalitarianism. How unfortunate the political and military realities which prevent the United States from pursuing a more idealistic foreign policy! How unfortunate the realities of Iberian politics! This may be the irony of *el valle de los caidos.*

Cambridge, Mass. PETER HALPIN

J. Bryan III's "A Pillow for El Caudillo" is in my opinion extremely biased.

I was very surprised by the way he repeats rumors; and the remarks he makes about the funding of the Basilica of the Valley of the Fallen seem intended to cause a feeling of aversion toward the present Spanish regime.

First of all, the rumors that Franco expects to be entombed in front of the altar cannot be believed, because José Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder of Falange Española, is already entombed there, and the chance of José Antonio's being removed is fortunately very slight. With regard to the American taxpayer, I must remind Mr. Bryan that the monument was almost entirely built when the American aid to Spain began, and I also suggest that he compare the American aid for the Spanish defense with our aid to Turkey and Yugoslavia.

Further, I suggest that perhaps the reason why the Spanish Tourist Bureau refrains from encouraging tourists to visit the monument is to avoid irreverent visitors who compare it with Dr. Fu Manchu's subterranean hangar.

Valley Stream, N.Y. MIGUEL HERNAN

B. F. Skinner: A Solution

The obvious solution to the problem of what to do about B. F. Skinner ["The Week," Oct. 22] is to shoot him (at Harvard, they'd think that the guy who did it was one of those radicals over at YAF—weird people, they actually believe that government can be too big!), but

(Continues on page 1431)

Advice to investors worried about DEVALUATION

37 years of inflation are speeding the dollar toward further crises.

- Harry Browne, author of "*How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*," warns: "the alternatives are narrowed to either *runaway inflation* or a full-scale *depression*."
- Jacques Rueff, Economist and former Director of the French Treasury, warns: "(The American) balance of payments will be restored only by a forced liquidation —that is, bankruptcy—as in 1931."

For nearly 2,600 years, since the first silver coinage, people have turned to silver for financial protection—because silver generally performs well in bad times. For example, between 1932 and 1935—the depths of the Great Depression—*the price of silver more than tripled.*

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Are you protected against margin calls?	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES. The face value of your silver coins fully secures your margin. Thus you gain complete protection against margin calls.
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Please do not delay—as I write, the price of silver coins is close to their face value. Your opportunity to invest in them so cheaply may not last long.

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Louis E. Carabini
President

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THE WEEK

■ We note with pleasure, in a brief news item about a diamond-bearing meteorite, that there exists something called The Smithsonian Center for Short-Lived Phenomena. Now will the Center please stop piddling around with meteorites and get busy on John Kerry, Paul McCloskey, Fred Harris, Harold Hughes, Charles Goodell, the Midi, Cesar Chavez, mercury poisoning, Jim Garrison, Eugene McCarthy, Anguilla, Bernadette Devlin, Jerome Tuccille, the Fort Hood Three, the Harrisburg Seven, H. Rap Brown, China's low profile, Henry Kissinger's stomach ache, Charles Reich, Father Groppi, bra-burning, Amchitka (special non-longevity award), Birch Bayh, Peace in Our Time and everybody's attention span?

■ Hard cases, the saying goes in the legal profession, make bad law. But that does not preclude easy cases from doing the same. Last week the Supreme Court declared that an Idaho statute which gave men a preference over women in administering decedents' estates denied women that equal protection of the law which the Fourteenth Amendment guarantees. Now as a matter of fact women administer estates all the time, even, presumably, in Idaho, and all the statute did was, in a case where a man and woman applied to administer the same estate, to give a preference to the man. The preference is unreasonable—that part's easy—and the Court found the statute unconstitutional. The Court did not rule that all laws which distinguish on the basis of sex are unconstitutional but only those which cannot be shown to relate reasonably to the subject matter of the law. The chicklibsymps would like it to have been the other way around, that all laws which make distinctions on the basis of sex are presumed to be unconstitutional unless a showing of good reason could be made. But that is not how the Court rules. The sensible result of the decision will be that each statute attacked will have to be considered on its own merits, the outcome depending on the reasonableness, as perceived by the particular court, of the statute in question.

■ "Did you see the chilling television report that the President's Blue Ribbon Defense Panel had concluded that we face 'an unprecedented national peril' and that 'in the Seventies neither the vital interests of the U.S. nor the lives and freedom of its citizens will be secure'?" begins a letter sent out by former Ambassador Elbridge Durbrow. "You didn't? Well, there is good reason! The TV networks and the wire services did not report the solemn warning about the all-out Soviet military build-up against the U.S. submitted by seven members of the Blue Ribbon Defense Panel in their Supplemental Statement! . . . To get the facts to the American people, the Institute for American Strategy will produce a 28-minute television special based on the Blue Ribbon Defense Panel's Supplemental Statement." The Institute hopes to have the special on the air by February 16.

■ Four weeks ago the Berkeley city council, surprisingly, voted 6 to 1 (two of the usually conservative members of the council voted with the radical four) to offer sanctuary to any sailors who jumped ship before the aircraft carrier *Coral Sea* sailed for Vietnam. The one man who voted against the resolution, Bill McLaren, said that the vote amounted to treason and that, anyway, none of the sailors were draftees. Antiwar groups, meanwhile, were quite disappointed by the response to the offer—only one sailor asked for sanctuary. And a campaign has begun to recall the six council members who voted for the resolution.

■ U Thant has recovered. His ulcer has healed and he will leave the hospital very soon. The hospital asks one favor: Please don't send any more get-well cards there. Instead—and Mr. Thant goes along with this—they suggest cards be sent to his office at the United Nations or his stateroom on the Staten Island ferry. But do hurry; U has promised that the first fifty families to send a card to both addresses will be admitted to the UN.

■ Mrs. Indira Gandhi has come up with a surefire solution to the current India-Pakistan border war. She suggests that Pakistan evacuate Pakistan.

Forest Hills Says No

I bitterly resent anyone who labels these people as racists and bigots just because they have a rational fear of increased crime and loss of property values.
—Rep. Edward I. Koch (D., N.Y.)

The folks are middle-class and white.
When project-building threatened blight,
They carefully prepared their case
And never mentioned race.

They never mentioned race because
The mixing bowl's a holy cause.
And though some ladies carry Mace,
They never mention race.

Racism grows upon a vine
Below the Mason-Dixon line.
Up north it's strictly out of place.
Nobody mentions race.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Philip Roth Emerges from the Men's Room, Hauriant

On one of his last visits to Fun City Salvador Dali submitted to a TV interview with Johnny Carson, clownmaster to the proletariat of the Eastern Liberal Literary Establishment. In his heavy Spanish accent Dali tried to explain his melting watches as his adumbration of the deoxyribonucleic acid chain, the biochemical "persistence of [species] memory." Carson was so bewildered he could not decide what cue card to hold up before his Pavlovian audience, which at that time had not even heard of ecology. We were then clearly safe from any foreseeable penetration by that incestuous clan Podhoretz talks about.

When I caught Dali's *Un Chien andalou* a couple of weeks ago it seemed the Morlocks were still floundering about in the moat of our demesne. The audience, hairy hopheads who had come to see the main feature, *The Freaks*, thinking it was about them, reacted to the drawing of a straight razor through the eyeball of a woman with such penetrating comments as "Like wow! Trefuckinmendous! Outasight! Shihit, man!"

But now they are into us. Philip Roth, the arrested adolescent of the *Making It* crowd, has made the first determined effort to exploit the last literary refuge of Our Thing, the multilevel allegorical satire, with an abomination called *Our Gang (Starring Tricky and His Friends)*. It is deep, man, you know? Consider the protagonist, Trick E. Dixon, somehow President of the U.S. of A. Get it? *Trick E. Dixon?* Wow, man, like, right down in the magma. If it weren't for his beginning every other sentence with "Let me make one thing perfectly clear" you wouldn't know whom Roth was projecting. The gang includes such characters as Mr. Asslick, named for an activity Roth knows a good deal about. This here Trick E. Dixon wages war against the Boy Scouts and is offed by being asphyxiated in a placental plastic bag. Wow. He goes to hell and makes it perfectly clear to Satan he is qualified to take over the nether electoral district. It is perfectly clear to me Roth got this last idea from the arcane song about the deceased British Commo leader Harry Pollit, but I would not say for fear of being called a McCarthyite.

The book is spaced out (stretched out?) with outasight humor, like, Trick E. Dick won't go on TV with a dog to answer charges that he is a heterosexual, because that would be barking up the wrong tree.

The Mob has gone too far. This last effrontery is just not to be borne. I say unto you, Philip Roth, go back into the corner and practice some other vice, Portnoy's maybe—but keep your vices to yourself.

—JOHN GREENWAY

■ "Good evening ladies and gentlemen, this is your announcer Rudolf Cernik with the seven o'clock news over Radio Prague, Nov. 27, 1971. The government is pleased to announce that 99.45 per cent of the citizens of the Democratic Republic of Czechoslovakia have voted to elect a single slate of seven hundred members to the federal and regional legislatures and 200,000 others to positions on local and governing boards. The elections were carried out under the new procedures announced earlier this year by Comrade Gustav Husak who appointed himself Chairman of the National Front which chose the candidates last fall. Under the new procedures there were no public appearances of the candidates. Indeed, names of many of them were not made public before the balloting. Defense Minister Martin Drur, in a statement to the armed forces, has informed the troops that 'an absolute majority of the Czechoslovak citizens have clearly shown on whose side they stand.' As the Interior Minister reported yesterday, 'isolated cases of negative phenomena on the first day of the elections did not influence the participation of the voters.' Those negative phenomena are apparently connected with efforts of the critics of the regime to get voters to boycott the balloting or to vote against the single slate of 200,000 candidates. A number of persons have been arrested for circulating leaflets explaining the right not to vote. The results of these peaceful elections are being interpreted in the West as a successful consolidation of the mechanisms of government by First Secretary Husak who took control of the party less than a year after the Warsaw Pact troops liberated our country from the revisionist Dubcek clique." (For another inside version on how the Dubcek government was overthrown, see Alex Martin's fascinating article, p. 1408.)

■ While American soldiers and airmen are napalming and brutalizing the children of Asia, guess what the children of the Soviet Union are doing? We can tell you. They're playing at war. Very seriously. Learning how to set booby traps, use machine guns, lay mines, prepare ambushes, throw grenades, fire automatic rifles, charge with fixed bayonets. They train regularly under Soviet noncommissioned officers and fifteen million of them—aged eight to fourteen—took part this year in what *Pravda* (May 19, 1971) calls The Children's War Games of 1971. Soviet ideas on disarmament are for export, only.

■ "There are similarities here to what happened in Chile," said General Liber Seregni last week of his Broad Front, Uruguay's new Left Coalition Party. "But our movement is different. We have only begun to break up

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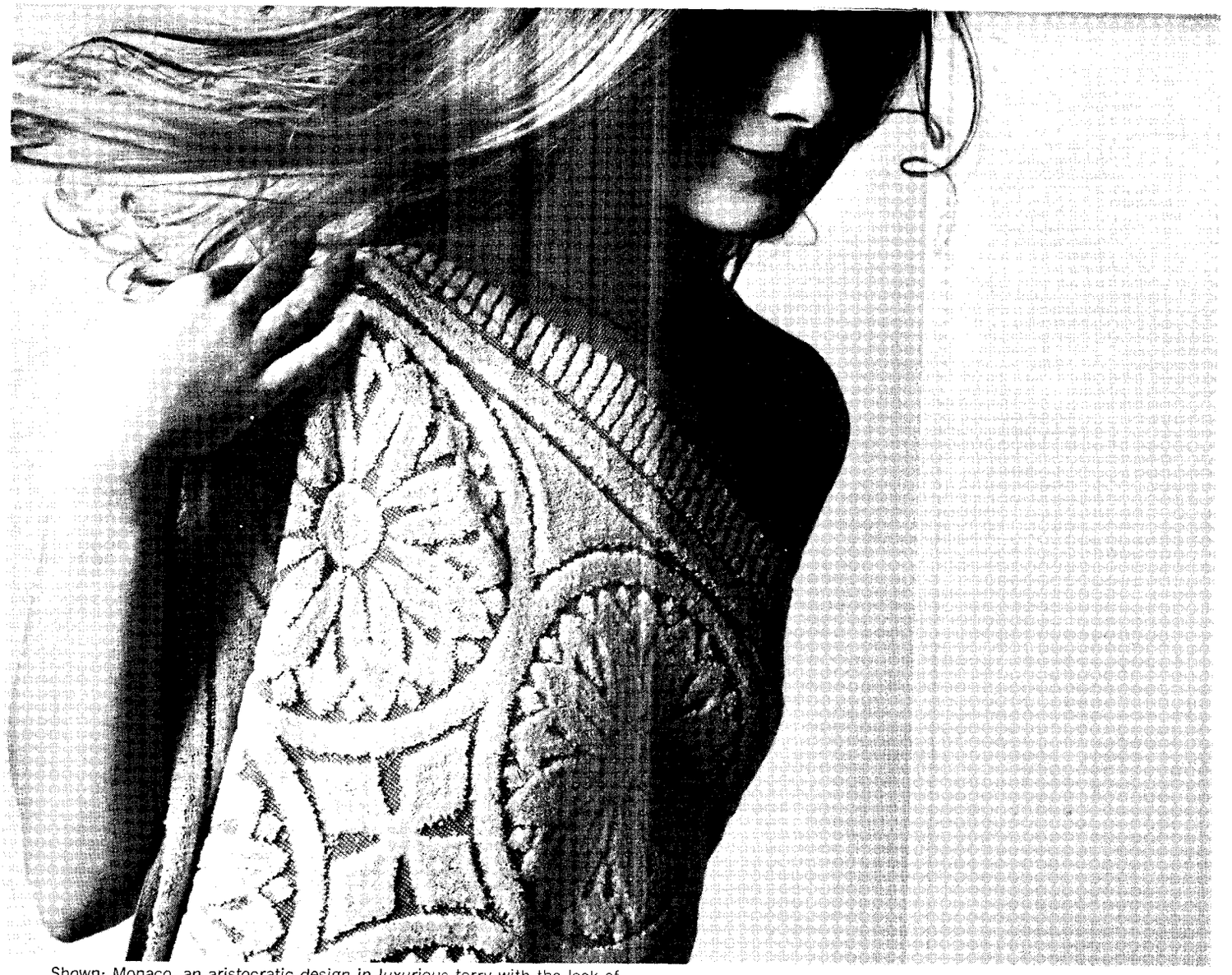

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the old two-party system." On the following day, 100,000 Seregni supporters took to the streets crying "Comrades, the front has already triumphed!" And on the day after that, Uruguayans, in the heaviest voter turnout in the country's history, flocked to the polls and elected Juan M. Bordaberry, handpicked presidential candidate of President Jorge Pacheco Areco. The governing Colorado Party had 575,690 votes to the National Party's 569,556. The Broad Front trailed with 252,535, losing even its bid for the mayoralty of Montevideo where it was supposed to have its strongest support. General Seregni conceded defeat but claimed that his coalition was a "revolution on the march," just as soon as someone moves the cart from in front of the horse.

■ Cambodian Communists have decided it might be useful to take women's lib seriously for awhile. They are now recruiting women for out-in-the-open, honest-to-goodness army duty (no more throwing grenades from a shopping basket). The first fifty women to volunteer have already been sent to the front, and all Cambodian women are being invited to join. *Kinder, Küche, Kampf*?

■ Pregnant? Want both a good education and a free abortion? Go to Berkeley. You'll probably have to work hard for the education, but the abortion is provided gratis by the student health service. If you're pregnant and want the baby, go to Berkeley, you'll still get a good education, although only abortions are free.

■ It's enough to make you scrounge around the sock drawer for your tattered copy of *Eros*. Ralph Ginzburg has been bitten by the Nader bug, but it's hard to keep old Ralphie down. His newest venture *Moneysworth*, a sort of hairy consumer's guide, offers articles on among other things Bootleg Birth-Control Pills, A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana, A Guide to Legal Abortion, Providing Your Teen-ager with Contraceptives, and Hiring a Lawyer To Avoid the Draft: Possibly the most important gift you'll ever give your son. Kinda chokes you up, don't it?

■ Hexachlorophene, which is put in deodorants and soaps lest we Offend, is Ralph Nader's newest no-no. May contribute to skin irritation. May cause brain damage "as a result of persistent use in relatively heavy concentrations" (one gallon? one tankcar?). *Did* cause brain damage in laboratory rats, aha! Wonder if Nader is running out of targets. . . . Wonder if he's in the pay of the rat-breeders' trust. . . . Sssshh, better keep that under your arm.

■ In recent years, pessimists have been fond of gloomily citing the fact that a Good Thing—like physics, for example, or chemistry—can produce an Awful Thing—like the atom bomb or chemical warfare. Now, one of the Awful Things—chemical warfare—seems to have turned around and produced a Good Thing—a cure for heroin addiction. In developing chemical-warfare drugs, said a spokesman for the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association, scientists also develop an "antagonist," to protect their own country's troops against the drug. In early tests, some of these antagonists have also acted as effective antagonists toward heroin and morphine, causing the addict not to want or need the drug he had been taking. The question now is whether they will have any dangerous side-effects, and the pharmaceutical industry hopes to pool its information with Pentagon research (which is now being declassified), while conducting further tests.

■ MEANING AND DESTINY OF LIBERALISM NOTE: Among the items offered at a fund-raising auction for the Seattle branch of the American Civil Liberties Union was one (1) vasectomy.

Phase II

My restaurant is raising prices;
Shall I tell?
Shall I be furtive as the Scarlet
Pimpernel?
My butcher's hiking ham and chicken;
Shall I squeal?
Shall I become a stoolie for the
Commonweal?

W. H. VON DREELE

Phase II: Whose Pill?

If Phase II of the Economic Policy and its multiplying progeny—boards, commissions, councils and courts, and their expanding torrent of regulations, rulings, findings and exceptions—were merely useless, those conservatives who still actively support the President could, if pressed, excuse his actions as a harmless, if theoretically misguided, diversion into electoral politics. If the mass and the media are reassured by conspicuous action, why not dole out colorful placebos in the form of Executive Orders and nationally televised speeches? But the effects of placebos tend to be superficial and short-lived, as the erratic performance of the stock market in recent weeks suggests.

So far as the basic functioning of the economy is concerned, Phase II will probably have about as much effect as a placebo, but it could meanwhile prove fatal to Richard Nixon. The brutal, needless violence that Phase II inflicts on private, freely-arrived-at contracts between worker and employer, business and consumer, professional and client, will not encourage friends to step up on the President's behalf next November. Thirty-two million Americans did not elect Richard Nixon President in order that he and his merry men on the Pay Board and Price Commission could try to fix the price of toothpaste, the wages of short-order cooks and the salaries of office managers. In most of the almost infinite number of economic transactions that take place each day, the Presi-

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dentially inspired edicts will be ignored. When they are not ignored, they will be evaded in countless ways: half an ounce less toothpaste, a free meal for the cook's wife, a new title and salary for the office manager. If the President didn't get the word from George Meany, he never will, and we may have to mourn for him next November with the words of the bereaved at the Irish spinster's funeral: "Poor thing, she died wondering."

There will be, naturally, some highly publicized interventions into wages and prices, if only to maintain the appearance of vigorous action. No doubt the criteria for intervention are already being drawn up. They will have little to do with the guidelines already laid down with much public fanfare: What relevance did the 5.5 per cent wage-increase guideline have to do with the coal miners' 16 per cent settlement that was approved overnight? They will be based, rather, on the visibility of the branded offender—would that General Motors, or airline pilots, or slum landlords might promptly volunteer! In short, the unfavoring, neutral laws of the marketplace and the freely-arrived-at contract will be replaced as much as feasible by the rule of unchecked, obscure men who owe their power to the favor of the President. Is it for this we are to be grateful, and moved to plaster our cars with bumper stickers proclaiming "Support the New Economic Prosperity"?

Perhaps, in the end, the President's instinct for political survival will get back into gear with the realities of economics and the principles of liberty. It would not be altogether surprising if Phase III were to be introduced a few weeks before the election. Proclaiming Phase II a triumphant success (as Phase I was hailed in its time), Phase III just might initiate an almost complete return to the regime of the marketplace. The President's taste for the dramatic reversal is becoming something of a habit. He may find, though, that he has lost a good many of his friends a few twists and turns back.

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

"We stand a good chance of becoming independently poor!"

War on the Subcontinent

Surely we have learned by now that in the modern world the line between "peace" and "war" has been so blurred that we can no longer discern the moment of passage from one to the other. Uneasy peace fades into minor war; restricted war into less restricted; little war into bigger. By most normal criteria, Pakistan and India are at war, though their war is still limited in both geography and firepower.

We can learn the objectives of their war not from the self-serving demagogy of their politicians but from the realities of geopolitics and demography that, much more than the politicians' deliberate aims, are the determinants of their action. Pakistan seeks to re-establish full sovereignty over its geographically separated eastern half. India's objective, emerging irresistibly from the situation that has developed over the past year in the eastern region of the subcontinent, is an independent Bangla Desh that will be, in political essence, a dependency or satellite of India. It is this objective that dictates the Indian military moves: training and arming of the Mukti Bahini (Bangla Desh liberation front), deployment and limited actions of regular Indian forces at the boundaries, so as to tie down the Pakistan army and thus leave the interior exposed to the operations of the Mukti Bahini. As in the case of other aspiring powers, India's customary—and notoriously self-righteous—rhetoric about peace and reason and ideals and UN obligations is scornfully tossed aside now that she has swung into military action.

It is hard to see what can stop India from achieving her purpose. Bangla Desh (East Pakistan), divided from West Pakistan by a thousand miles of Indian territory, is a freak result of the independence settlement a generation ago, and, in the long run, strategically indefensible. India's armed forces are more than double the strength of Pakistan's, and her economy, weak as it is, has far greater resources. Out of deference to world opinion and pressures, or in fear of a widening of the conflict, India may choose to swallow her meal small portions at a gulp, but that would only delay the outcome.

In one of his periodic apocalyptic columns, Joseph Alsop declares: "A certain result . . . is the transformation of India into a major strategic base for the Soviet Union, pretty surely including full-scale Soviet naval bases on the Andaman Islands and in Bombay." When we reflect that penetration of the Indian subcontinent was for two centuries a strategic objective of czarist policy and that an extension of naval power into the Indian Ocean is a primary aim of current Soviet policy, we will not altogether dismiss Alsop's dire prediction even though we may somewhat discount the immediacy and scope of the threat. In any case, we are not likely to do anything much about it, even if we could. We are too busy with SALT negotiations and the reordering of priorities; and, besides, to bring up such matters might sour the atmosphere with which the President wishes to be surrounded during his forthcoming mission to Moscow.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Mutual annoyance is disturbing the once rosy relationship between the White House and GOP National Chairman Robert Dole. Where once he was receptive to Administration views, Dole has become testy of late; the Administration, in turn, has become reluctant to let him in to tell people at the White House what grass-roots Republicans are thinking.

The White House beef is that Dole spends too much time speaking at fund-raising functions up and down the country, and too little time on the Senate floor, where his advocacy of Administration causes would be a considerable help. In his early days as National Chairman, Dole spent a good bit of time in the Senate, trading barbs with the Democrats' sharpest wits. Recently, however, he has come to see his function as serving as intermediary between the President and the Republicans back home. In so doing he has built up a national following of his own; that, too, is probably worrying the White House.

The tensions have led to several breaches. Dole was among the Republicans who voted against foreign aid (though his vote would probably have been with the Administration had the White House nose-counters accurately predicted how close the count would be). Dole has let it be known that he's annoyed he wasn't consulted about the nomination of Earl Butz for Secretary of Agriculture. The Administration cannot hope to hold restive Plains States Republicans in line on the Butz issue, so Dole has chosen his grounds for public disagreement with some care.

■ The Special Committee on Defense Priorities, "composed of members of Congress who are deeply concerned over America's present strategic defense position in the world and over our research and development priorities looking to the future," continues to document the case for a stronger national defense that was first asserted in a series of House speeches back in August. Chaired by Floyd Spence (R., S.C.), the Committee strives to bolster its positions with informed testimony. Among the findings of recent witnesses:

—An ABM system is feasible and could in fact be effective in intercepting missiles aimed at American cities. Frank Armbruster, defense analyst with the Hudson Institute, told the Committee: "ABM work should have high priority and study of techniques for protecting and defending our cities is vital. If I had to make a choice between other systems in the nuclear area, this is the area where I would put the money."

—"Parity" in weapons systems is a meaningless term in the Soviet military vocabulary. William Kintner, Director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania, testified: "There is a transition point from inferiority to superiority and that is what I believe they have moved to. We, on the other hand, have played semantics. We went from superiority to sufficiency. I prefer the term, right now, 'strategic deficiency.' "

—There is serious danger of the Soviet Union gaining offensive potential in near space. Lt. Gen. Arthur Trudeau (Ret.) remarked: "I think that it is most significant [that the USSR is devoting much of its scientific energy to near space] and . . . one of the greatest threats we face is in near space. . . . I am afraid a President of the United States will face some day [a threat of blackmail from space] and they will be there in . . . overwhelming capacity to obliterate us."

The bipartisan group is still having difficulty getting adequate media coverage; its findings are available in the *Congressional Record* (the October 14 issue contains much interesting material).

■ Administration sources estimate that there will be 25 votes against confirmation of William Rehnquist in the Senate. The White House also expects a scattering of votes against Lewis Powell, perhaps five or six. Fred Harris, Harold Hughes and possibly Ted Kennedy may end up in the anti-Powell column, but not many more. One straw in the wind: Mrs. Hugo Black is said to have offered the Alexandria home in which she and the late Justice lived to Powell.

■ Unkind critics have been speculating that George Meany's recent illness, which confined him to George Washington University Hospital for several days, was politicopsychosomatic. His illness elicited a wave of sympathy from the press, but no get-well card from the President. —CATO

Same Old New Left

Looking at the quiet campuses and the streets in which nobody has rioted for ages; looking even at the instant-opinion boutiques, where that yellow smile-face has entirely supplanted the peace symbol and Nixon-the-Pig, one was tempted to hope that the far Left, from gaga to mad, had subsided. Not so. To be sure, the years of futile street actions left the troops bored and disheartened; the factionalism and the eventual takeovers by the maddest elements just about destroyed SDS and such; even the beautiful Black Panthers came to be seen, correctly, as primarily Hells Angels types. But evil persists. Now the troops, or what's left of them, are getting back together, and the focus is on—electoral politics: Maybe, the thinking goes, it's easier after all to destroy the system from within.

Out in Dallas last week, two hundred representatives (among them Marcus Raskin, Gore Vidal and Senator Mike Gravel) of 28 local left parties met, named themselves the People's Party, and nominated Dr. Benjamin Spock for the Presidency. At the same time out in Davenport, Iowa, four hundred radicals, most of them refugees from the Weatherman takeover of SDS, founded the New American Movement (NAM) to foment and channel opposition to President Nixon at the local level. Weatherpeople, Yippies and Progressive Laborites were kept away; NAM's support, it was agreed, must come not from students but from the workers—led, of course, by the ever-indispensable Vanguard.

All naïve enough and harmless enough, the American worker is hostile to radicalism, Spock couldn't get himself elected sewer commissioner with a brain trust like Vidal, Raskin & Co. Perhaps, perhaps not. The NAM types have now had two or three years' experience in "community organizing"; they have learned a great deal about exploiting specific, local, narrow grievances to promote their fundamental line, "people's control" of the American economy (elsewhere they phrase it more ac-

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curately: "social control . . . in place of private control"). The People's Party doesn't expect Spock to win. They expect the "disintegration" of the Democratic Party at the Convention next July to drive millions of voters their way, at which point a stronger figure (McCarthy, Fred Harris) will step in to head the ticket.

The fact of first importance about the re-emergence of the New Left is that it has a new issue. Those simple souls who thought everybody would calm down if only we could disengage from Southeast Asia will be astonished to find that the Left still finds America totally depraved, utterly and completely beastly. Vietnam continues to rankle and to be ritualistically denounced, but opposition to the war has become a mere thing of habit. Now the target is the big corporations, the "super-rich," pushing the poor worker around, conspiring with Nixon to destroy the value of his hard-earned dollar, polluting his air and water. And anyone who can't bring himself to take the pipedreams of a few hundred radicals seriously might remember that wicked capitalists are a much handier bugaboo than an immoral war. It is easier by far to cultivate envy among the masses, than morality.

Powell Speaks

In an article in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, his hometown paper, Court nominee Lewis F. Powell Jr. gave a good indication of his attitude on a number of current issues. Some excerpts:

"The outcry against wire-tapping is a tempest in a teapot. . . . Law-abiding citizens have nothing to fear."

"Apparently as part of a mindless campaign against the FBI, several nationally known political leaders have asserted their wires were tapped or that they were otherwise under surveillance. . . . The fact is that not one of these politicians has been able to prove his case."

"[Mayday] was unlike prior demonstrations in Washington, as the avowed purpose of this one was to shut down the government. . . . The alternative to making mass arrests was to surrender the government to insurrectionaries. . . . Evidence adequate to convict a particular individual is almost impossible to obtain in a faceless mob."

On the widely publicized charge that the police were out to exterminate the Black Panthers and had actually killed 28: "But the truth rarely overtakes falsehood—especially when the latter is disseminated by prestigious newspapers."

"The only abridgement of free speech in this country is not by government. Rather it comes from the radical Left—and their bemused supporters—who do not tolerate in others the rights they insist upon for themselves."

On so-called political prisoners such as Angela Davis and Philip Berrigan: "The crimes charged are hardly political."

"Some trials in our country have been politicized—not by government, but by the Kunstlers and others who wish to discredit and destroy our system."

On repression: "There is no more open society in the world than America. The radical Left—expert in such matters—knows the charge of repression is false. . . . Rather than 'repressive criminal justice,' our system subordinates the safety of society to the rights of persons accused of crime. The need is for greater protection—not of criminals but of law-abiding citizens."

And the Left is worried about *Rehnquist*?

Something New Has Been Added

Edward Heath lacks the charisma, the eccentricities and the showmanship that get political leaders top billing in the mass media. However, his record in government, like his conduct of the election that brought his party to power, is giving proof of qualities considerably rarer in our day, and perhaps more useful to the governed. Prime Minister Heath does not scorn the wiles that are a necessary weapon in every democratic politician's armory, but to them he adds intelligence, an unusual openness about his aims as well as firmness in pursuing them and realistic common sense. All of these traits are displayed in the agreement that his Foreign Minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, brought back from Rhodesia.

After six years, it was manifest to every disinterested observer that the political and economic ostracism of Rhodesia was benefiting no one except a handful of African demagogues, the Communist enemies of the West, and the intermediaries who raked big profits off sanction-breaking deals. Demonstrably it was doing nothing for the Rhodesian blacks; was on the contrary not only braking their economic advance but pushing the isolated Rhodesian government toward harsher racial policies. It was not furthering its avowed goal of forcing the Rhodesian government to capitulate and renounce its unilateral declaration of independence (the first by a British dependency, as it happens, since 1776). And it was a painful interference with both human and trade relations between Rhodesians and the citizens of other nations, in particular of Great Britain, with which Rhodesia's relations had always been closest.

As an intelligent man, Prime Minister Heath realized, on the basis of the six years' evidence, that he could not force Ian Smith to an unconditional surrender. As a man of realistic common sense, Heath decided to come to terms, and having so decided he moved steadily toward his objective with his habitual firmness. For negotiator he made the wily choice of Lord Goodman, a Labor Party member and Harold Wilson's personal attorney, known for his humane views on racial issues. During four lengthy visits to Salisbury, Lord Goodman patiently and skilfully etched out an agreement that was completed and signed by Sir Alec and Ian Smith last month.

The agreement does not satisfy the initial terms of either party: that is to say, the agreement is genuinely a compromise. It is a compromise in the best sense,

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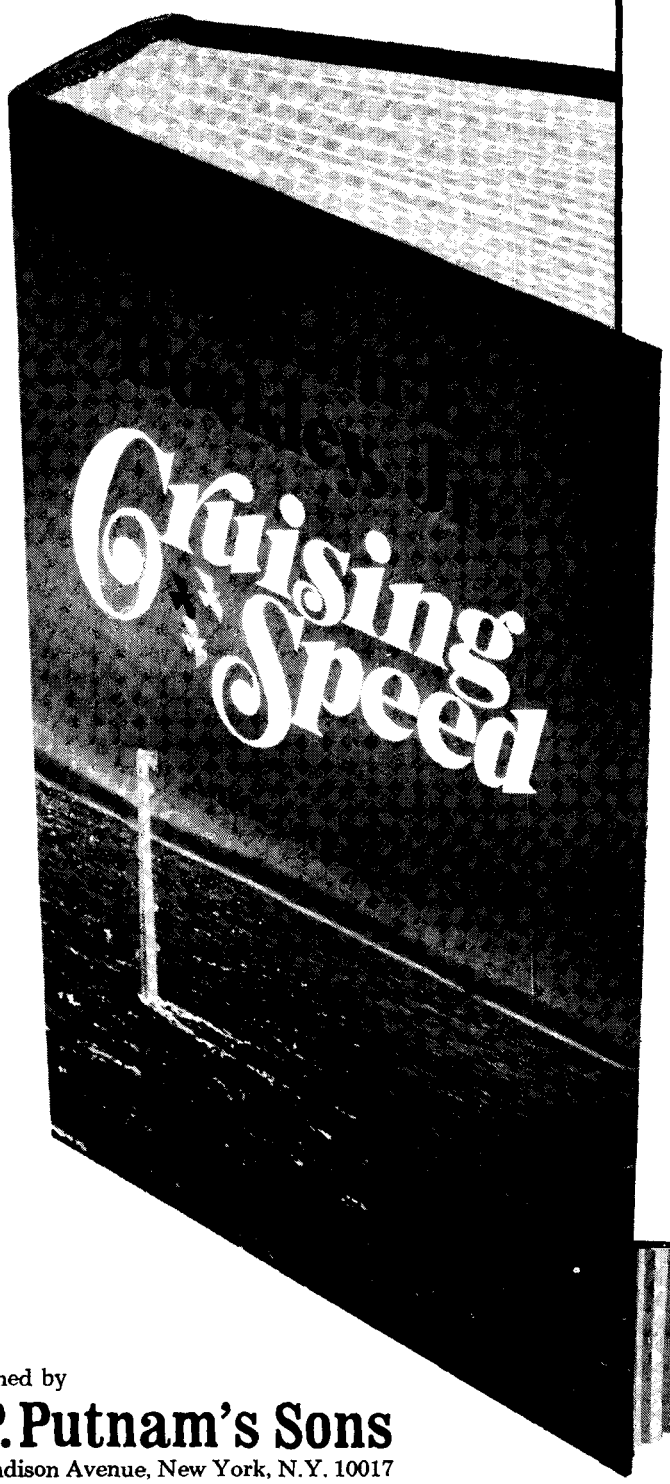

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— EDWIN MCDOWELL, *in the* **Phoenix Arizona Republic**

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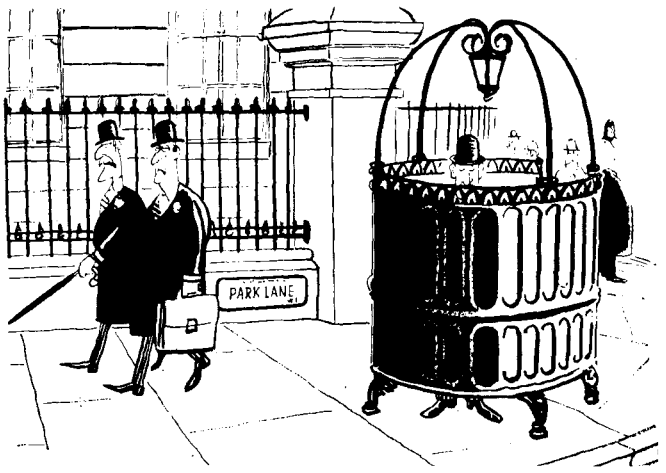
in that, though falling short of each side's maximum wishes, both will gain much. Economically the gains to be expected from the reopened relations are obvious. Politically, Britain will clear up an awkward and expensive anomaly, while the Rhodesian government will get legitimization and a new stability. The Rhodesian blacks will not have the immediate and utterly unrealistic one-man, one-vote system about which their African and Communist sponsors declaim, but constitutional changes will give them an immediately strengthened political position. Other new—and rather complicated—provisions will guarantee them a steady, if slow, increase in political weight and an eventual possibility of political control. The revised constitution will also contain clauses reducing economic and social discrimination and preventing the slide that had set in from multiracialism toward rigid apartheid.

All is not yet settled. There will be a British commission to verify that the agreement is acceptable to the majority of Rhodesians both black and white; both the British and the Rhodesian parliaments must approve. The target is set, however, and it is virtually certain that within a few months official confirmation will be completed. Meanwhile there will also be, we may be sure, a raging chorus of denunciation from the UN Assembly, the Organization for African Unity, and the propaganda organs of the Communist nations. Neither Prime Minister Heath nor Prime Minister Smith is the sort of man who is likely to be put off course by wind from those quarters.

Chilean Notes

Not all of Fidel Castro's antics during the trip through Chile seem to be putting Salvador Allende and his Unidad Popular (UP) together again. UP candidates were trounced in student and union elections and now it seems that there will be no Unidad Popular candidates running in the by-elections next January in Colchagua and Linares. Both provinces have been ravaged by Tupamaro-type "*Miristas*" whom Allende is either unwilling or unable to control. . . . Castro's visit, far from ameliorating the situation, emboldened the MIR to break openly with the Allende regime, by calling for a "revolutionary government of peasants and workers." . . . Right and center opposition also pressuring Allende. In his Nov. 4 speech at the National Stadium, he pressed for his amendment to the constitution which would make the present legislature into a Single Chamber (people's assembly). Observers feel the move is premature and has little chance of passing but that Allende, anticipating even greater opposition especially as Chile's economic situation worsens, believed that the charismatic Cuban at his side might serve to make his amendment more palatable to the Chilean people. . . . Violence erupts anew at the University of Chile where Marxists continue their efforts to unseat University Rector, Edgardo Boeninger. Elected last July as an independent, Dr. Boeninger and his supporters have offered to hold a plebiscite on whether the hundred-member student council should be maintained, but the Marxists who still have a majority on the council want none of it. They demand Boeninger's resignation which would leave Chile's major university under the control of Enrique Paris, a Communist psychiatrist. . . . The UP which purports to represent the working class is having bad labor troubles. The eight thousand workers just elected a majority of Christian Democrat (opposition party) labor representatives to the National Congress of the Chilean Central Labor Union next month. . . . In Concepción, two thousand workers in the country's largest paper company, Papeles y Cartones, ousted Communist labor leaders to demonstrate their opposition to the government's plans to bring all paper production, *including newsprint*, under national control.



Cookson, London *Evening News* — Ben Roth Agency

"I see the rot's setting in already!"

Let 'Em Eat Cake

On his CBS TV program, *Sixty Minutes*, Mike Wallace managed to cut through the hypocrisy, cant and moral posturing that surrounds the whole busing and school integration controversy. Wallace's approach was a thing of beauty. The leaders of Washington's liberal Establishment never tire of demanding "racial balance," attacking Nixon's sour view of busing, and denouncing the supposed racism of mothers in places like Pontiac, Michigan. Well, asked Wallace, where do the children of the loudest liberals go to school? The answer was that they avoid the Washington public schools like the plague.

The Georgetown Day School provides one welcome sanctuary. Wallace found that Sen. Philip Hart, McGovern staffer Frank Mankiewicz, and *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee send their children to Georgetown Day. Super-liberal Minnesota Congressman Donald Fraser sends a daughter there. Oh yes, Georgetown Day is

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integrated: Congressman Walter Fauntroy, who represents the District of Columbia, sends his son there; Mayor Walter Washington's daughter went there, and now his granddaughter does too; Justice Thurgood Marshall sent two daughters there. Somehow, though, the private, high-fee Georgetown Day School is not much like an inner city public school.

Asked the wide-eyed Wallace: How did such sedulous avoidance of the District's public schools differ from the desire of the suburban mother not to see her children bused to an inner city school? Nicholas Von Hoffman (whose children attend private schools) laid it on the line: "Nobody wants to make his children pay for his own social philosophy."

The full richness of the Wallace program can be appreciated only from the transcript itself:

WALLACE: "Probably the most prestigious school here . . . is St. Alban's School for Boys, run by the Episcopal Church. . . . It would cost you $2,400 a year to send your son here. The number of blacks: about one in eleven. [Black proportion in D.C. public schools: nine in ten.]

"This is the school where some of Washington's most powerful and persuasive liberal legislators and journalists send their sons. Tom Wicker's son goes here. Wicker writes frequently about subjects like busing on the liberal editorial pages of the *New York Times*. Phil Geyelin has one boy here. He heads up the influential editorial page of the *Washington Post*.

"And among legislators, two 100 per cent ADA liberals—Birch Bayh of Indiana and Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts—each had a boy here. We asked Senator Kennedy to talk to us, but he declined. Where he sends his son to school, he said, is a private matter.

"But what about some other big name liberal senators, Presidential possibilities? Senator Edmund Muskie said that he doesn't like busing but that it's a necessary tool, the law of the land. And he goes on: 'From time to time we must use uncomfortable means that put us to inconvenience, that impose burdens and create risks and fears.' One of his daughters goes to the School of the Holy Child, a private Catholic institution—tuition, $1,000 a year. Three of the 245 students here are black. Two other Muskie children go to another Catholic school nearby, where none of the 446 children is black.

"We wanted to talk to the Senator about this issue, but his office told us he had no time in his schedule. . . . Senator George McGovern . . . blasted President Nixon after the President had said that he opposed compulsory busing for the purpose of achieving racial balance. 'The President has encouraged massive evasion of and contempt for the law,' said McGovern. 'If I were President,' he said, 'I would not attempt to circumvent the law.'

"Well, the Senator and his family moved to the District of Columbia from the Maryland suburbs and before he moved his daughter went to a private Catholic school. This year she commutes daily out here to the Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School. Since the Senator doesn't live out here in Maryland any more, he has to pay tuition charges of $1,450. The number of blacks out here in school: about 3 per cent. Senator McGovern turned down our request for an interview. Where his children go to school, he said, is a private affair between himself and his family.

"Nicholas Von Hoffman, one of the most outspoken liberal columnists in the country. Like many other Washington newsmen, including several from CBS, Von Hoffman has managed to avoid sending his child to the public schools. In fact, he pulled his son out of this public junior high school to place him in a private school where the tuition is about $1,600 a year. *Von Hoffman says he supports busing but only symbolically* [italics added]."

Interestingly enough, the only contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination who has a child in the District public school system: Senator Henry M. Jackson.

Notes & Asides

■ (From "Review of the News," house organ of Robert Welch's John Birch Society):

Q. Why has Bill Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW become such a weak sister? —A.R.C., Niles, Kans.

A. It is hard to blame it all on Mr. Buckley, who is so busy writing his syndicated column and juggling guests on his federally subsidized television show that he has had to leave the magazine to the ministrations of his maiden sister, Priscilla, age fifty. Interestingly, *Who's Who in America* lists Miss Buckley's previous employer as the Central Intelligence Agency.

Which is paying us to be squishy-soft on Communism.
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I represent a group of progressive, forward-looking, now-oriented, relevant, and unfettered-by-archaic-life-denying-hard-repressions young liberals (of course all of us represent the group *equally* well) who are going to defeat you and your death-affirming ilk (I'm giving you the benefit of a doubt; you may be unilked). We're going to defeat you because we're not impractical dreamers and ivory-tower theoreticians like the Weathermen and the Panthers, who seem to believe that good intentions are sufficient to remake the world. No, we're hard-working, practical real-world types who're going to make a world of peace and plenty and joy and mercy and love and justice and free abortions.

One of our current projects involves reversing the flow

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of the Mississippi River. Thus, Chinese and Cuban ships laden with grain may float into the heartland of Amerika, feeding the oppressed of Natchez and Cairo and not using up oil resources and also not making a mess, unlike the bloated, filth-affirming plutocrats of pollution and poverty who run this slaughterhouse. In addition, inspectors from such Progressive-bloc nations as Ghana and North Korea will expose and uproot the ills of our society, and testify before the TUN (Transmogrified United Nations, another of our projects), who will take appropriate steps to correct the problem. If Amerika will not become housebroken of her own accord, then the grown-ups will just have to step in.

Physicists, engineers, and their herdlike slaves laugh at us; how else can they maintain their pride, such as it is? If we fail, at least we tried—can you say as much, Mr. Buckley?

In short, Mr. Buckley, the law of the conservation of matter and energy, which says that you can't get something for nothing, is true only for people who've been lulled into believing it by the forces of Autocratic Manless Capitalism. That's all over, baby! Yours nympholeptically,

Michael R. Facundus
5227 Lanier Drive
Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Michael: What's so nympholeptic about reversing the flow of the Mississippi River? If you want to be nympholeptic and do it right, try reversing the operating deficit of NATIONAL REVIEW. *You and your ilk. Think* you're *nympholeptic. Huh.* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I found the following in Chesterton's *Saint Thomas Aquinas* (p. 112 in the paperback if you want to look it up) and thought it interesting enough to risk bothering you about it.

> "Nevertheless, the only working word for that atmosphere (of Thomism) is Optimism. I know that the word is now even more degraded in the twentieth century than it was in the nineteenth century. Men talked lately of being Optimists about the issue of War; they talk now of being Optimists about the revival of trade; they may talk tomorrow of being Optimists about the International Ping-Pong Tournament."

That was written in 1933. Best regards.

John Vidmar
Borromeo Seminary
Wickliffe, Ohio

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Would you say that your former *NR* staffer Unbekannt (not) Unbekendt Inconnu is the ultima tool of James Bond? Yours truly,

Daniel Bell
Dept. of Sociology
Harvard

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a fifteen-year-old girl who goes to a private girls' school. Now this is not in itself unique. There are others like me. I grant you that what is unusual about me is that I am a fifteen-year-old *conservative* girl. This is very unusual.

Have you ever tried to defend yourself against an onslaught of outrage when you refused to accept an antiwar handbill? But then, we conservatives are a hardy lot. I'm not asking for pity, mid the throes of a liberal school, mind you. But I do have a question to ask.

Mr. Buckley, if you ever do get to see this letter, do you have a need for a conservative fifteen-year-old female office boy? I want desperately to help my cause this summer, and I would be willing to work for a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and NATIONAL REVIEW.

Consider:

1. I am willing to mortgage my soul for nothing but room and board.
2. I know a little Latin (my teacher calls me "mala puella") so I could probably understand you most of the time.
3. You would be striking a blow for women's lib.
4. Our zodiac signs are compatible (I'm Leo, you're Sagittarius).
5. I like Bach.
6. I'm even an Irish Catholic (on my mother's side).

Please, s'il vous plaît, por favor.

ANSWER ME! Sincerely,

Miss Paula Boyer
1160 Marlyn Road
Phila., Pa.

Dear Paula: Paula puella mala? Fiddlesticks. Maybe not tomorrow, but soon. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a student at North Central High School in Indianapolis. For a project I have to answer three universal questions. I have to use *The Great Books of the Western World*. Have many newspaper and magazine articles, use novels, short stories, and write letters, and conduct several interviews.

This project counts ¼ of my semester grade. As you know, universal questions can only be answered by opinion, I would greatly appreciate yours.

1) Why is there war?
2) How far out does the universe go?
3) What happens after you die?

I would value your opinion highly. Thank you.

Sincerely,
John Mallinson
Indianapolis

Dear John: 1) Because people disagree. 2) Twice halfway, 3) I will go to heaven. I don't know where you *will go.*

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

THE QUESTION OF TIMING

THE MILLIONS of us who, for better or worse, trade on the stock market learn sooner or later that the most difficult trick of the trader's art is judging when to "take a loss"; not merely judging when, but taking it. Acting on analysis, tip or hunch, I buy a few shares of Ecology Unlimited. A little later I find that EcUn, as stocks so often do soon after I buy them, has dropped several points instead of soaring into the wild blue yonder. What to do? Maybe it's just a temporary market fluctuation, but maybe EcUn is dropping in the direction it deserves, and I was conned into the purchase by rumor, or greed. If I'm too timid I will sell out at the first cold breeze, and end up losing my shirt over the years. I will lose it no less certainly if I am too stubborn. What is needed is a cool head and the Aristotelian mean between timidity and stubbornness that the medieval philosophers called "prudence."

Even so is it in politics, to which the stock-market analogy applies in detail. A political leader, party or government makes a policy decision. After a bit it doesn't seem to be working out too well. Has the moment come to renounce it, make a sharp turn and try something new; or to dig in and show enough firmness to last out a time of temporary troubles? In politics, as in the stock market, timidity and stubbornness are more often displayed than the mean of prudence. Timidity is the typical vice of liberals; stubbornness, of conservatives. Governments, which have an immense built-in bureaucratic momentum, also tend to stubbornness even when led by liberals. Governments are more likely to take their losses too late than too early.

What Time Is the Right Time?

Coming out of this lengthy spiral, I zero in on U.S. China policy. I believe most Americans will agree, when the dust settles, that our timing was wrong on China policy: we waited too long to take our loss.

Not that we could have avoided a loss altogether. The admirers of the Chinese Communists who told us that all would have been rosy if we had ditched Chiang and cozied up to Comrade Mao from the beginning were political idiots: their way would have meant not merely loss but catastrophe. But from 1949 on a loss was inevitable, whatever we did: not that we "lost China," not having had it to lose, but that the Communists conquered it.

Looking back with the complacent wisdom of hindsight, I think we should have "taken our loss" in 1954 or possibly in 1957. To take it immediately, in 1949, would have been a proof of timidity and vacillation. There was no reason to assume that Mao was certain to consolidate a Communist regime in China; other Communist conquests had collapsed in the past, and China is a complex country. In the Philippines, Malaysia and Indonesia the question of a Communist takeover was touch and go, and firmness won out. Moreover, prudence required that at least Formosa should be saved from the wreckage.

There are some of us who believed, and some who still believe, that if we had pursued an active "policy of liberation" the Communist regime might not, in fact, have been consolidated in Mainland China (and perhaps not in Eastern Europe). Nevertheless, by a short distance into the Eisenhower regime, and unquestionably by the time of the non-response to the Hungarian revolt, it was clear that, except for an occasional rhetorical flourish on Radio Free Europe or a campaign speech, the policy of liberation was dead and discarded. This meant that the Kuomintang claim to be "the government of China" had become fictitious in hope as well as in present fact. Meanwhile Mao's regime had been left undisturbed to consolidate its power.

The correct moment, then, for taking the loss was during the Eisenhower Administration. What would this have meant if the loss had been intelligently as well as prudently taken? Two things, I think: first, forcing the Chiang government or a replacement thereof to abandon the official claim to all China and to become the government of an independent, sovereign Formosa; second, not to sponsor but to accept Peking's membership in the UN, if the other UN members so wished, and not to propose, but to indicate willingness to accept, formal diplomatic relations with Peking, if Peking so wished.

In other words, to accept the realities and go on from there.

By failing to take our loss at the most advantageous time instead of stubbornly postponing it until this year, we have deepened the loss, as we can already see—and there is a lot more extra damage to come.

If One, Why Not All?

This China issue is not unique. Brandt's Ostpolitik suggests that a similar problem with respect to the two Germanies will soon be on the agenda. Castro's visit to Chile and the presence of his representatives at the last OAS meeting are an unmistakable omen of things to come. The status of the two Vietnams and two Koreas is also sure to make trouble before long. And what about Rhodesia? Is our timing going to be off also in these comparable, inevitably approaching situations?

All of these cases, beginning with the two Chinas, reinforce my preference for the traditional diplomatic practice that we scuttled with the doctrine of the Kellogg Pact: to grant formal diplomatic recognition to (and it would follow, favor UN membership for) *all* de facto governments that show themselves firmly in the saddle. (The only exceptions would be in open or disguised war, when a countergovernment might be recognized and supported as a war operation.) West *and* East Germany; North *and* South Korea; Rhodesia; North *and* South Vietnam; Peking China and Taiwan China (whatever they called themselves); yes, and Cuba. If diplomatic recognition is universal, it implies nothing but the formal relation.

I have an idea that the timing, right now, is perfect for a U.S. declaration along these lines. We could thereby not merely take our losses prudently, but, by a substantial percentage cut them. □

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An authentic Liberal Academic suggests that he and his ideological kin are quite as opposed to the New Left as are conservatives; and finds some common ground on which democrats Left and Right can stand

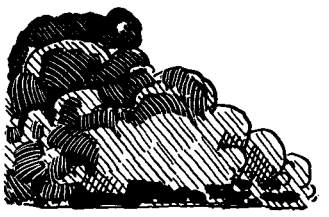
A Liberal Draws the Line

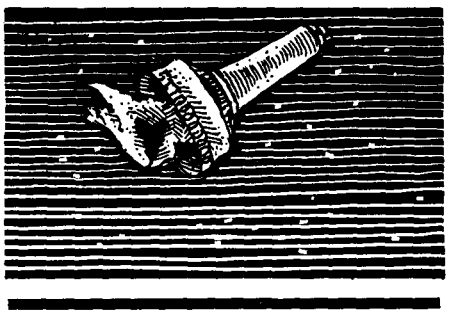
SAMUEL McCRACKEN

HAD ANYONE told me, in 1968, that within three years I should be appearing in NATIONAL REVIEW (save as a horrible example, and even that only in consequence of some unimaginable access of notoriety), I should have thought him ignorant of me, of the journal or possibly of both. But here I am, and not, I hasten to add, as a result of conversion—or whimsy—on the part of Mr. Buckley or myself. What this turn of events *is* a result of, as far as I understand the phenomenon, is both the occasion and the burden of my piece.

My appearance here is not an isolated example of the phenomenon: *Commentary* has been getting a rather better press in these pages than in those of the *New York Review of Books*, and the latter hardly a better press in *Commentary* than in these pages. Increasingly diverse sorts of people get called fascists; indeed, the good old days of Social Fascism seem to be upon us once again. It becomes more difficult all the time to tell the players from their performance on the field. Consider two quotations:

> 1) It might be that somewhere along the line "We, the People" tacitly incorporated into our constitutional system the idea, very difficult to be sure to pin down and put into words, of government by *consensus*; that is, a general understanding that majorities, whether popular or congressional, shall use their formal power over the Philadelphia machinery subject to the limitation: No drastic changes without the acquiescence of the "generality of men" out in the country; no drastic changes that will leave us a legacy of irredentism; no drastic changes, above all, that given the present lay of opinion out in the country will involve, at the implementation stage, any considerable amount of coercion.
>
> 2) Few of our declared revolutionaries believe their own cant. If they did believe it, they would quit the campuses for full-time political work. But it is so much easier to proclaim, as one Ivy League full professor did, that we should all support the Weathermen and still continue to teach, live and collect checks from a privileged sanctuary known as tenure.





Time was when it would have been reasonable to identify the authors as, respectively, a New Leftist advancing a traditional rationale for his opposition to a war having majority support, and a liberal or conservative viewing such a New Leftist with amused scorn. But no. As it happens, the authors are the late Willmoore Kendall and Eugene D. Genovese. Kendall, to be sure, wrote that passage in 1964, and can in any event hardly be thought to bend to current winds of doctrine. But Genovese is a radical talking about radicals, and his subjects in turn could make good use of Kendall's assumptions. Categorization is not as easy as it used to be.

Eschewing the Crazies

An editorial in these pages ["Split in the Family," Dec. 15, 1970] looking at a recent series of articles in *Commentary* about the New Left, was content to discern a major shift in line and to attribute it to doctrine built on the shifting sands of culture: the Soviet threat to Israel, the teachers' strike, the assault on Columbia, these had conspired to bring the Jewish New York intellectuals to their senses, or nearly there. This critique has a number of defects: *Commentary* has never been exactly a haven for the New Left—Norman Podhoretz turned down the Port Huron statement of the SDS in 1962; and it is not leftists alone who need to worry about extrinsic conditioning of their politics, for the rich tend toward conservatism, and this cannot be solely on account of their innate intelligence or depravity. Nor is it only New York Jews who take a grim view of the New Left: I, a WASP resident in Oregon, shared that view well before I began to read all about it in *Commentary*, as did many another provincial gentile. Why should we, leftists, feel considerably more bothered by the New Left than by the Right?

The New Left itself, to be sure, has a ready answer for that one, exempli-

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fied in a recent piece in *Ramparts*: *Commentary* and its gentile dupes are out to protect the fat-cat interests of the American Jewish Committee. Having been allowed, more or less, to Make It, we now must, like our masters, be haunted by the specter of the New Left and fulminate accordingly. But this is poppycock. Professor Genovese was not unduly pessimistic in these pages when he assessed the chance of a leftist triumph as something less than nil ["The Fortunes of the Left," Dec. 1, 1970]. No matter how strongly an intellectual may identify with the military-industrial complex (even covertly, as is apparently the case with Professor Genovese), he cannot bring himself to see the New Left as likely to tear him from its bosom. Indeed, a principal liberal objection to the New Left is precisely the extent to which it provides Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew with a ready-made straw man. If the crazies had not been burning down campuses in May 1970, the American people might have looked more closely at the implications of the Cambodian invasion: but the New Left sideshow provided the government, which would never have arranged a Reichstag fire on its own, with something rather like an equivalent, gratis and free on board. What enrages me as a liberal is the way in which the crazies convince Middle America that only crazies oppose the war.

Critics on the Left

But I have been talking about liberals as if we were a party distinct from conservatives and radicals. Tibor Szamuely has recently published a piece in these pages ["The Meaning of 'Left' and 'Right,'" Aug. 24] which by implication denies that we exist. Much of his argument seems to me unanswerable: There is nothing to choose among varieties of totalitarianism; this doctrine first came to light in 1917 and by 1933 there was not much left for Hitler to invent; the political spectrum which lays out the parties from left to right is delusive in treating Communism and Fascism as antipodal; totalitarianism (as distinguished from authoritarianism) is currently viable only on the Left; and the great duality of the day involves not Left and Right but totalitarianism and democracy. But I cannot agree with Szamuely's discounting of the democratic Left, a group including non-Marxian liberals as well as socialists of various persuasions. (I eschew the use of the term *anti-Stalinist* Left, which always seems to imply that Stalinism is the only totalitarianism on the Left, and one dead since 1953.) Some members of the democratic Left are to be sure reformed Stalinists and Trotskyites, and these one hopes have a conscience quite as troubled as those of their erstwhile colleagues who have ended up with the democratic Right. But the democratic Left under forty never had the chance to flirt with Stalinism in the Thirties, and has been on the whole consistently antitotalitarian since becoming politically conscious. Nor can I agree with Szamuely that the old liberal values can now be preserved only by the democratic Right, which he sees as uncompromised by any association with totalitarianism. For whatever the degree of the Left's complicity with totalitarianism (which I think a good deal less than he), the democratic Right is currently no less compromised by its complacency about right-wing authoritarianism, which although differentiable from totalitarianism is hardly more friendly to liberal values. Anyone who wonders what I am talking about should note the attitude taken in this journal toward the Greek junta and the new president of Bolivia. If the good old values are to be preserved only by saints, then Saints preserve us all.

Moreover, when the democratic Left defends those values against assault from its undemocratic neighbors, its critique at least potentially gains something from the difficulty with which it can be discounted as covert disagreement on ends. The democratic Right has a similar advantage with regard to its totalitarian neighbors. In each case, it is a little hard for the totalitarians to claim that a disagreement as to means is really founded in a disagreement about ends: the democratic Left *would* like to get the U.S. out of Vietnam, the democratic Right, to see the dismantling of a good deal of the Federal Government. (One should not be too sanguine in this regard: young New Leftists almost invariably ascribe any liberal dislike of their means to a secret love of war and imperialism. But the condition may improve as they grow older.)

At any rate, the democratic Left has been criticizing the New Left since its inception. To cite a few examples: Nathan Glazer's writings about the Berkeley imbroglio have been no more friendly to the thugs, if more polite, than John Coyne's; Herblock is as severe with youthful disruptionists as Mary Gauerke is. And the New Left is correct in its estimate of the harshness with which *Commentary* has been surveying its behavior. If this critique provokes greater outrage than that of *NR*, that is expectable, if unfortunate: the latter is seen as routine, the former as a great *trahison*. There is, in short, a party on the Left which has been perfectly willing to be sharply critical of the tactics of the totalitarians, even when it may agree with some of their immediate ends. That this is so suggests very strongly that the party in question may be fit to serve, with its democratic colleague on the Right, as co-guardian of the old liberal values.

I conclude, finally, looking about me, that I see people to my right, and people to my left, and that none of them understands me. Let me try to elucidate the situation for those on my right, fully conscious of the irony that it is in one of their forums that I am being given a chance to do so.

Some Examples

Step with me into the pages of history, back to 1962. We are in a city in Virginia, and a white undergraduate wants to board an interstate bus. The waiting room is legally segregated as to race, a condition he finds morally repellent, and, so far as a layman may judge of these things, unconstitutional. Wishing on one hand not to acquiesce in the operation of a law he considers immoral, and on the other to secure a test of its constitutionality, he enters the Colored waiting room. He is asked to move on, and failing to do so is eventually arrested, charged and jailed. He has expected this outcome, and plans to appeal any convictions all the way to the Supreme Court. Being an *especially* sound liberal, he makes a proviso that should the other side at any stage convince him of the error of his ways, he will stop appealing and take his medicine. As it happens, the ordinance under which he is at first convicted is ultimately ruled unconstitutional and he goes free. The outcome he does not regard as having erased the fact that he had violated a statute in force, and he regards the prosecution to which he has been subjected as proper, albeit based upon a wrong-headed law. He has, to use Martin

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Luther King's distinction, broken the law, but not defied it.

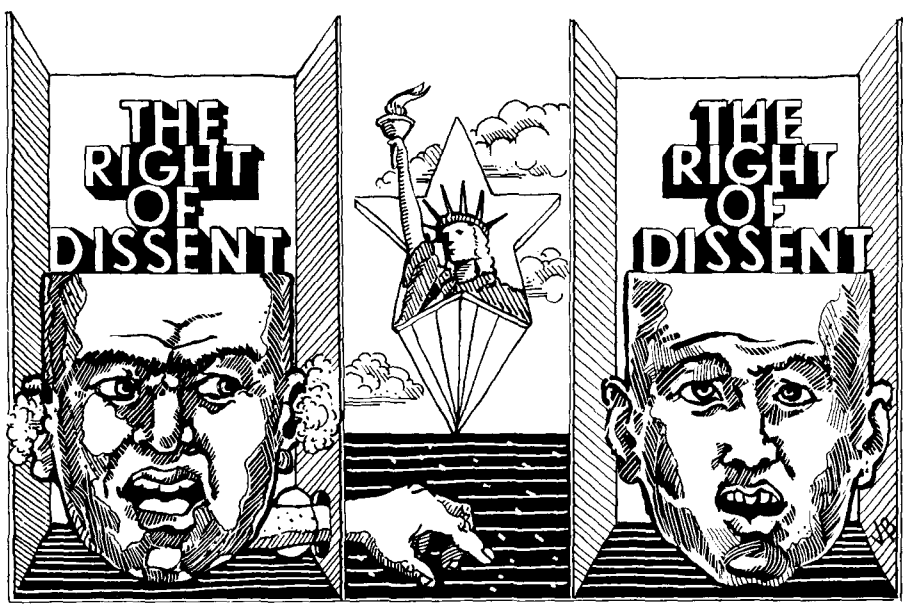
Four years later, Harvard Yard. Another undergraduate, having decided that Mr. Secretary McNamara, being wrong—indeed, a monster of depravity—does not have freedom of speech, a right clearly belonging only to those who are right, takes what he euphemistically calls Direct Action to prevent the Secretary from usurping that right. Watching this scene is the hero of the first vignette, now completing his doctorate. When he taxes his younger colleague with the impropriety of his actions, reference is made to the bus segregation case.

Two years later yet, at a small college in the West. Another undergraduate, this one having decided that the college ought to have a black studies program, of the sort the Black Student Union wants, and wants right now, and further believing it is not likely to have one, takes what he euphemistically calls Direct Action to close the place down until it comes across. Our hero, by now a junior instructor, taxes this student with the impropriety of his behavior, and again reference is made to the bus segregation case.

Now, I can hardly expect the conservative observer unreservedly to applaud the actions of my hero, unlikely as is such an observer to believe that even the most devout willingness to suffer consequences can justify lawbreaking. (In a great many instances, e.g., murder, liberals would be just as unlikely to so believe.) Nor will I expect all conservatives to share his notions of constitutionality, nor to approve the confirmation they got from the High Court. But it is of crucial importance—and not really very difficult—to distinguish between him and his illiberal successors, and the incumbency to do so lies equally upon conservatives and liberals. For it is the difference which illumines and explains what may variously be called a split within the Left, a secession from it by liberals, or a secession from democracy by the crazies.

The contrast can be made a little more explicit by considering two more student activists, in this case exact contemporaries. The first, having decided a) that the Vietnam war is immoral, b) that IBM, as a supplier of hardware for the military, is no less immoral, c) that IBM has no right to be immoral, and d) that IBM's presence on campus as a recruiter implicates the college in the war, proceeds to disrupt a fellow student's interview with an IBM recruiter. Summoned before the judicial branch, his defense is that he is right and that no one else has a right to be wrong. The second student, having decided a) that the Vietnam war is immoral, b) that submitting to induction would implicate him in the war, c) that he can cooperate with the legal system only to the extent of standing trial and making a defense, but not by accepting parole, and d) that fleeing to Canada or going underground would be cowardly and un-American, refuses induction. Finally sentenced to a three-year term, he decides that taking alternative service working with migrant workers would not constitute complicity, and so he is paroled; some weeks later, he becomes convinced he is wrong in accepting even this sort of parole, and stops reporting to his parole officer; when, after several months, he does not hear from the court, he turns himself in as a parole violator. He is then re-sentenced, and spends some months in prison until the judge, thinking better of the whole matter, reduces the sentence to time served. Through all this, he remains remarkably uncensorious of others, and far from believing himself a saint, appears to conceive that he is simply doing his duty as he sees it.

Now, those on the democratic Left are likely to see the first student as little better than a thug, the second (despite his own disclaimers) as little less than a saint. Liberals, in a word, will see the disrupter as a personification of illiberalism. It is an estimate often made by conservatives, however, that such disrupters and their allies are themselves the nasty spawn of liberalism. The charge is a serious one, and deserves to be carefully answered, for if the wave of thuggery to which the country, notably on its campuses, has recently been subjected can be seen as an embodiment of liberal principles, those principles have a lot to answer for. But if the thuggery is to be seen as a heresy growing out of liberalism, the case is altered, for no one is going to think it reasonable to blame an orthodoxy for what heretics do with it. The example of Christianity itself ought to be sufficient in this regard.



The New Thuggery

In point of fact, liberalism and the ideology, such as it is, of the New Left are nearly polar opposites. (Lest, in the following passages, I seem inconceivably *naïf*, let me point out that I am talking about liberal theory, not its invariable practice, which, liberals being, on the whole, as sinful as anyone else, often falls short of the ideal.) Liberalism, first of all, believes in the right of dissent, and the New Left takes its cue on that issue from Herbert Marcuse and worse, having finally developed in Tom Hayden a critic of "bourgeois civil liberties," a concept which has been put in its proper perspective by a man of the democratic Left. Irving Howe, wondering whether there be *non*-bourgeois civil liberty, has pointed out that the world can show but two sorts of society besides the bourgeois: the underdeveloped and the Communist and that in the former, civil liberties

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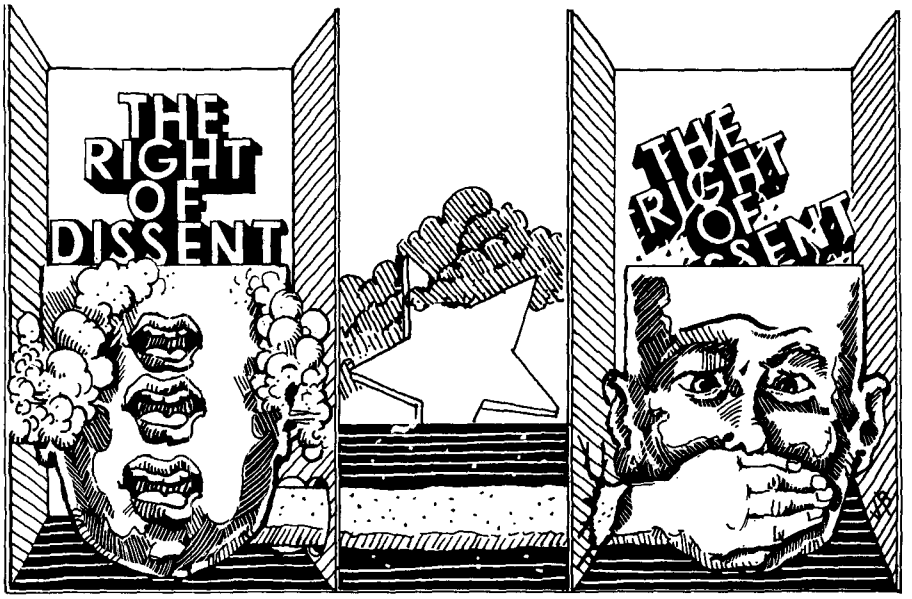
are scarce, in the latter nonexistent. Liberals, indeed, all democratic leftists, knowing that they must demand from a state which disagrees with them substantively the procedural right of dissent, must perforce accord the same right, and in the same degree, to all men. That is, they set their political action in the context of rule by law, expecting from that rule no freedoms not granted to all others. In this, it seems to me, the democrats on the Left form no more than a wing of a democratic party at large, itself in the sharpest contrast to the totalitarian, which in turn shows its own left and right wings.

Without, then, undertaking a detailed analysis of totalitarianism in the New Left, I will note that the democratic Left sees its presence very clearly, and has been reacting accordingly. The totalitarian taint is as marked among persons nominally academics as among the youthful storm troopers. Consider two recent examples of intellectual thuggery from MIT. First the President of the Modern Language Association lays down his cultural line on Lincoln Center:

> The Movement should have harassed Lincoln Center from the beginning. Not a performance should go by without disruption. The fountains should be dried with calcium chloride, the statuary pissed on, the walls smeared with shit.

One must, I suppose, be thankful at least that it is not his *revolver* for which Professor Kampf reaches when someone mentions the wrong kind of *Kultur*. Another soldier in the MIT brigade of the New Model Army, Professor Wayne O'Neill, has recently said that he would condone blowing up a biological warfare lab, *as long as no one got hurt*. His proviso is mealy-mouthed hypocrisy for only a fool—which I take him not to be—plants a bomb entirely sure that no one can get hurt. Bombers—and their academic eggers-on—must face the possibility that someone, perhaps even someone innocent according to the rigorous moral standards of the bombers, will be injured or killed. When one considers bombing as a principled activity, one must end up condemning all bombers, or condoning all: it is only as an appraiser of technique that one can retrospectively approve a particular bombing as one in which no one gets hurt.

One would have to take a very dim view indeed of academic liberals, one



dimmer than that customarily taken in these pages, to believe that they would not, more often than not, find this sort of thuggery intellectually and morally repellent. And so they do, and all perceptions to the effect that the thugs may be nice people off duty, or that they are driven to their thuggery by an unkind society, cannot make them one whit less the thug. I have said that liberals more often than not take this view. Some who once thought of themselves as liberals, who may well still so think, obviously have joined the thugs. I feel uncomfortably like Strom Thurmond in arguing that such "liberals" have moved away from the principles they once held, principles to which I have remained constant. But this, I believe, is an accurate statement of fact. I am not terribly concerned about labeling except as it may mislead, and thus if it comforts such people to call themselves liberals—or observers in other camps to agree with them—this will be a problem for me only insofar as my own distinct position, quite clearly neither totalitarian nor conservative, gets lost in the fog.

It is hardly surprising, after all, that academic liberals should see clearly the threat of the new thuggery, living as they do on the firing line. If life in a society governed by thugs is brutish and short, the intellectual life in a college so governed would be simply impossible.

Liberal dismay with the New Left has other academic wellsprings, principally the degree of overlap it has with that nonsense the media insist on dignifying with the name of counterculture. A majority of the phenomena of this movement are (dare I say it?) irrelevant, but its central infatuation with irrationality, either directly, as a matter of principle, or indirectly through drugs, must appear to liberals—as to the sane generally—as simply incompatible with the life of the mind, if that hackneyed concept is to have any meaning beyond mere consciousness, whether sane or raving.

Particularly offensive is what the counterculture uses for educational theory, compounded as it is out of equal parts of fad and hysteria. Its curriculum looks like basket-weaving, and some of the theoretical arguments students offer for its adoption ("the faculty are our employees, and ought to teach us practical stuff which will help us survive out in the real world") sound altogether too much like what teachers used to hear from the Trustees. Such assaults on the ivory tower were bad enough coming from successful men of affairs, but from those nominally, one hopes, still *in statu pupillari*—

These polarities, at any rate, could be extended a good deal further, but (with one exception) they can be subsumed under the master polarity which opposes democracy and totalitarianism. The exception is racism, for some totalitarian ideologies are free from this taint, e.g., Italian fascism, and there certainly has existed—and exists—a school of thought which believes in limiting democratic rights to members of certain races.

The racism of the New Left goes well beyond its most obvious manifestation, the argument that while all men

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are equal, oppressed minorities ought, by way of compensation, to be treated as more equal than others. There is the common belief that no white man can teach black studies, as yet unleavened by the complementary racism, that no black man can teach Shakespeare. But these are comparatively innocent. More pernicious is the increasingly common idea that whites (at least straight whites) are inferior to any non-white group one might turn up. Whatever the faults of liberalism, its opposition to racism has not derived from the appalling ground that this or that race has been *demonstrated* to be equal to another but rather from a refusal to deal with individuals in terms of race. As the New Left daily demonstrates, once that refusal is foregone in a single instance, there is no clear stopping place. Some of the arguments made by white radicals for community police control are only marginally differentiable from the argument, often attributed to Southerners, that them niggers don't have the same standards as us white folks, who shouldn't care who gets cut up Saturday night in Darktown as long as it ain't us.

In its flirtation with racism, as in so much else, the New Left presents a clear alternative to liberalism, liberalism to it. It is, then, quite erroneous to imagine New Leftists as liberals, only more so, as erroneous as imagining Nazis as super-conservatives. Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Agnew do very little to raise the quality of the political dialogue by dealing in such oxymoronia as "liberal Communist" and "radical liberals."

Let's Get Together

My analysis of the present situation may suggest that Something Needs To Be Done. I fear very little can be. Although aware these days that I sometimes find more to agree with in *NR* than in *Ramparts*, I am not led thereby to wonder whether in my 35th year I grow more conservative, and whether it is time to begin taking instruction. I could do so if convinced that the alternative had shrunk to conservatism and totalitarianism, but that time is not yet. As long as *Commentary* publishes, *pace* Tibor Szamuely, liberalism remains viable. (I trust readers will show due regard for my restraint, at this point, in not seizing the pulpit I have been offered and delivering several thousand well-chosen words on the error of their ways, and the correctness of my own.)

Short of conversion, what are the possibilities of coalition? Again, I suspect, very slight. Whatever merits may be in Popular Fronts surely obtain only in parliamentary contexts. The situation in this country is not so desperate —we may all be thankful—that one can foresee liberals and conservatives agreeing on a Presidential candidate. Surely not on grounds of principle; the possibilities of prudential agreement are less remote, but I for one cannot see on the horizon a conservative candidate who seems more plausible than all the liberals, and I presume a similar difficulty exists for conservatives. As one can hardly imagine agreement developing on a comprehensive legislative program, I conclude that it would be superfluous to speculate as to the desirability of forming an Unpopular Front.

But this is hardly to say that liberals and conservatives have nothing to say to each other. Aside from the crazies on the fringes of either camp, both ought to be able to see considerable common ground, not as to the substance of politics, but as to its procedures. That radicals are far more likely than liberals and conservatives to reject this dichotomy in itself suggests the nature of the common assumptions, which have to do with the necessity of free speech, and of a state monopoly—mediated by law—of violence, with a trust in representative institutions, and with an awareness of what sort of regimes seek to replace them with plebiscites, and finally with a trust in reason, however flawed, as the best tool we have for dealing with the substance of politics. Any theorist who regards these assumptions (whatever their provenance) as now especially liberal or conservative must needs be infinitely bumptious.

My own recognition of such commonalty of assumption tells me that I will sometimes find myself agreeing with conservatives as against the New Left, and that I should find such agreements neither surprising nor embarrassing. After all, I long ago concluded that once I knew my own mind on a matter, I was damned if I would change it just because the Communists turned out to agree with me. I can do no less with regard to NATIONAL REVIEW. In either case, I remain capable of supporting substantial, even passionate, disagreement. As the New Left's current effect is that of a nuisance (however severe), I think it unlikely that conservatives and liberals are going to be using that common ground as a staging base for Armageddon. But we could do better at evaluating ourselves in the light of our shared assumptions, for both camps fall into habits of mind inconsistent with them. I have already noted the tendency of liberals to treat Stalinism as a form of government which died with Stalin. Still worse, we incline to greater outrage over the infamies of right totalitarians than of left, acting *as if* we admitted some distant kinship with the latter. If, for example, one conceives (as I do not) trade with a state as conferring approval upon its regime, then it is not Rhodesia and South Africa alone which liberals should seek to boycott. But this behavior is not a liberal eccentricity. Conservatives are apt to see freedom in the strangest places, cheerily referring to such things as the Free World, Free China and the freedom of South Vietnam (which we are fighting, it seems, to conserve rather than create). One would hope that a conservative who awoke one morning to find this country with a regime as free as those currently governing Taiwan, South Vietnam, Spain or Greece would begin considering seriously what he could do for the cause of violent revolution. I will just ask any conservative who thinks he would not to consider the nature of the repressive government which in 1775 led a number of eminently respectable people to levy war against their lawful sovereign. Liberals and conservatives alike have a tendency to believe that others will find tolerable regimes which would never do for themselves. There is not enough freedom in the world to make this a habit either comfortable or tolerable.

All of which is to say that the democratic party, in both its wings, needs to work rather harder at the application of its noble principles. At that, the party is considerably better off than its totalitarian opponent, for which an increased rigor of praxis can lead only to further horror.

It is this similarity, as against the totalitarians, which binds together democrats right and left. Our differences, substantive in nature and profound, perhaps unbridgeably so, in degree, we pretty well understand. By paying some attention to our agreements, we can only increase our understanding of each other and ourselves. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Unpopular Win

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

A HUGE BONFIRE on the cliffs of Dover, lit by Harold Macmillan, heavily overcoated and scarved and looking more owlish than ever, celebrated the decision of the House of Commons that Britain should accept the terms which have been negotiated for joining the European Common Market. Thus ended what enthusiasts called "the Great Debate" but one commentator described as "the Galactic Boring Contest."

Certainly, as far as the politicians were concerned, the debate was phony. It took the form, very largely, of a propaganda campaign by the government and other pro-Market factions. The formal six-day parliamentary debate, which culminated it, was merely a prolonged set-piece during which speaker after speaker repeated the familiar arguments, quite regardless of what any other speaker had said or whether anybody was listening.

The real decision was taken, not by Parliament, but by Edward Heath long ago, when he determined that no negotiating difficulties would be allowed to stand in the way of his European policy. The only doubt at this stage was just how large the government's majority would be. In the end, as a result of some very clever maneuvering, the majority was larger than expected —356 in favor, 244 against.

But this was a vote simply on the principle of joining Europe. All the legislation involved—and there is a great deal of it—will have to come before Parliament next year: and the government faces a tough struggle to get it through. The anti-Marketeers have by no means given up hope.

What the consequences will be if Britain does join the Common Market, how much difference it will make and whether for the better or for the worse, is still a matter of faith and guesswork. As though deliberately to demonstrate this fact, 294 academic economists were assembled in the letter columns of the *Times* (London) by Professor Nicholas Kaldor (himself a very baneful economist), who said that only professional economists were qualified to judge the consequences of joining the Common Market. Almost half predicted that the effects would be favorable, the other half that they would be unfavorable.

The truth is, of course, that, except for a few businessmen who think they will prosper in the European market, it is mainly a political or temperamental decision.

The one certain consequence, which should be plainly stated (since—for obvious reasons—the politicians and the committed commentators have tried to evade it), is that Britain's political leaders and, indeed, the whole political system have fallen even lower in public esteem. And rightly so. With a few honorable exceptions among both pro- and anti-Marketeers, the politicians have behaved, over what they themselves declare to be a supremely important issue, with quite nauseating hypocrisy.

The squalor of Harold Wilson's performance needs no emphasizing. He has turned a double-somersault and is now standing on his head in the mire. Having been at first an anti-Marketeer, he was converted, when in office, to pro-Market and began the negotiations which Mr. Heath has clinched. But, because the left-wingers who currently dominate the Labor Party are anti-Market, he declared himself, a few months ago, opposed to going in "on Tory terms" and Labor members of Parliament were ordered to vote against. But nobody doubts—some of his own senior colleagues have openly said—that, if the Labor government had still been in office, it would gladly have accepted terms substantially similar to those which Mr. Wilson is now violently attacking.

On the Conservative side, Edward Heath has been inflexibly consistent in his attitude to Europe but extremely slippery in his attitude toward the wishes of the public.

Last July he said that Conservative Members of Parliament would be going to their constituencies to "consult the people"—and he then proceeded to twist the arm of any Conservative MP whose consultations seemed to be producing an anti-Market result. Not that most of them needed to have their arms twisted. Nothing their constituents might have said would have made the smallest difference in the way they voted.

What has happened is quite contrary to Mr. Heath's earlier statement that the enlargement of the European Economic Community should not take place "except with the full-hearted consent of parliaments and peoples of the new member countries." Mr. Heath now contends that, when he talked about needing the consent of the British people, he really meant the consent of the British people's representatives in Parliament—that is, the politicians. Which is not the same thing at all.

IT IS PARTICULARLY not the same thing since, at the last election, all three major political parties were in favor of joining the Common Market; so the voters had, in effect, no choice. The Labor Party, for reasons of self-interest, is demanding an election now, but such an election would be fought on a dozen issues other than the Common Market. The only real way to let the people decide would be by means of a referendum—a perfectly straightforward and practical possibility, which the party leaders are not prepared even to consider, although the other three countries now applying to join the Common Market—Ireland, Denmark and Norway—will all be holding referenda.

But, at the same time, the opinion polls have shown that a vast majority of people always expected the government to push Britain into Europe, regardless of their own wishes in the matter. The general disillusionment with politicians is growing steadily deeper and more bitter.

Months of detailed wrangling lie ahead. Labor Members of Parliament who, in defiance of party orders, voted for the principle of joining Europe have already promised to stand on their heads again and vote against the legislation needed to implement it. The probability, nevertheless, must be that by the beginning of 1973 Britain will have become part of the European community. □

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COMRADE BILAK IN THE KITCHEN

The Russians meant business in Czechoslovakia—
they were willing to risk a world war to keep her in line,
according to this off-the-record report
smuggled from behind the Iron Curtain

How To Overrun Czechoslovakia

ALEX MARTIN

IT WAS July 18, 1969, and people in Czechoslovakia were still feeling shaky. Not quite a year earlier, on the night of August 20-21, 1968, 200,000 Russian and Warsaw Pact troops had thundered across the border, put most of the leaders of the government and the Communist Party in handcuffs, and brought the country's experiment in liberalized Communism to a halt. Then there had been universal outrage; now World Opinion had largely forgotten the Soviet Union's armed intervention in the affairs of a supposedly sovereign nation.

But the events of August 1968 were still making waves in the Communist world. They had led to the formulation of the "Brezhnev Doctrine," according to which "fraternal socialist countries" must intervene if Communist rule is threatened in any one of them. The independent-lining regimes in Yugoslavia and Rumania were tiptoeing, afraid that at any moment the doctrine might be applied to them and troops be sent in. At the international conference of Communist parties in Moscow earlier that month, the situation in Czechoslovakia had been uppermost in everyone's mind (even though the Russians strove manfully to keep the matter off the agenda—aided by the Czechoslovakians, who insisted that the invasion of their country was purely an "internal question").

Now the conference was over, and delegates were making reports to their parties back home. One of these was Vasil Bilak, longtime leader of the Slovakian Communist Party. Bilak was one Czechoslovakian leader who wasn't put in handcuffs by the invaders: Throughout the "Prague Spring" of liberalization and reform, he was Moscow's man—one of the antireformers

(the world press kept calling them "conservatives") who had to be cajoled along, sometimes even threatened, by the supporters of First Secretary Alexander Dubcek.

(According to Communist sources in Western Europe, Bilak, now Secretary of the Party's Central Committee, is headed for big things. The prediction is that the Russians plan to install him as top man in Czechoslovakia, replacing Gustav Husak, at an opportune time.)

Warnings

A verbatim transcript of Bilak's July 1969 report was smuggled by a member of the audience to friends in France. It contains hitherto unpublished details of events during and after the "Prague Spring"—and it affords Westerners a rare opportunity to listen in on Communists talking without outsiders present.

Bilak begins by saying that since his audience has read the official report of the just-concluded Moscow conference, he will limit himself to "some matters from the kitchen." In other words, he is giving them a peek behind the scenes. He recounts a year of chaotic preliminary meetings at which, he notes, he helped the Russians keep the "internal question" of the invasion of Czechoslovakia off the agenda. He mentions the problem of inviting various factions from countries where the Party was split; in the case of the Greeks, "we even feared a repetition of what happened a few years ago in Tashkent when a violent fracas broke out in the Greek colony one night and dozens of their leaders were killed." (He fails to add that the Russians were suspected of having fomented the set-to in order to get rid of some troublesome characters.)

Turning to the conference itself, he describes the Rumanians leaving the hall every time China was mentioned—and, worse, insisting that the conference approve a statement to the effect that every country in which a socialist government is in power can defend the "gains of socialism" without outside help—a direct contradiction of the Brezhnev Doctrine. Bilak dismisses this as obvious nonsense, citing Vietnam, not his own country, as an example.

After more gossip from the Moscow conference, Bilak shifts gears and fills in his audience (which must still have been in the dark) about the events leading up to the invasion the previous August. He reveals how the Russians used foreign Communists to warn the Czechoslovakians almost from the moment Dubcek took over in January 1968. The French Party leader Waldeck Rochet, for instance, visited Prague early in 1968 and urged Dubcek and his allies to moderate their reformist

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policy lest the authority of the Party be undermined. "He begged us to avoid a misunderstanding with our allies, and particularly with the Soviet Union, as that would be a tragedy not only for the Czechs but also for the Russians and the entire international movement."

In March 1968, when six parties held a meeting in Dresden, Hungarian First Secretary Janos Kadar told the Czechoslovakian delegates to "watch out for so-called good people who will go among the workers and use demagogy to lead them astray." That same month, at the Warsaw Pact conference in Sofia, the leaders of the other parties "pointed out what was happening in Czechoslovakia, and we promised to go home and correct matters. Later, in Moscow, we were to be told, 'you went home but you did nothing.' "

There were a few occasions when the Russians spoke for themselves. During the February 1968 celebrations of twenty years of Communist rule in Czechoslovakia, the Soviet guests made no comments or criticisms. Bilak's theory is that they were awaiting developments. But, on the night of the Central Committee's gala session, he was present when First Secretary Leonid Brezhnev called Dubcek on the telephone to rebuke him sharply for having made a speech "based on a revisionist platform."

Events in the first few months of 1968 must have been as disturbing to an old-line Communist like Bilak as they were to the Russians. Here was Dubcek promising the "widest possible democratization" of political life, and reshuffling the Party Presidium to include more of his allies (and also Vasil Bilak). Here was Antonin Novotny (already replaced as First Secretary by Dubcek) forced out of the largely ceremonial office of President of the Republic; there was his successor, Ludvik Svoboda, promising "friendly cooperation" with "countries of different social systems." Here was the Party newspaper, *Rude Pravo*, blandly declaring that Czechoslovakia need not have the same policy as East Germany toward Bonn.

And the whole machinery of Communist rule appeared to be coming apart. The Party unit at the state censorship board was demanding—an end to censorship! In April a new cabinet was formed; the Ministry of the Interior went to Josef Pavel, who had to be purged back in the 1950s and who started filling the ranks of the secret police with pro-Dubcek men. Also in April came the Party's "action program," entitled *Czechoslovakia's Road to Socialism*, which promised to reform "former aberrations" and "build socialism in this country in a way corresponding to our conditions and traditions." Specific points in the program included: 1) new guarantees of freedom of speech, assembly, press and religion; 2) more freedom for the four non-Communist parties in the hitherto Communist-dominated National Front; 3) upgrading of the authority of the government and National Assembly as against Party apparatus; 4) such economic reforms as factory autonomy, limited private enterprise and increased trade with the West; 5) reintroduction of an independent judiciary; 6) federal status with increased autonomy for Slovakia. (The last point is important. Slovakia had long chafed at its poor-relation status in a nation dominated by the Czechs of Bohemia-Moravia. Dubcek and Bilak are both Slovaks; doubtless Bilak went along with Dubcek to the extent he did in order to safeguard his position in the Slovakian Communist Party.)

The Russians, East Germans, Poles and Hungarians grew more and more alarmed. Young demonstrators in Warsaw were shouting "Long Live Czechoslovakia!" In March, Dubcek underwent close questioning at a meeting of Warsaw Pact party secretaries in Dresden. Late in April, the Brezhnev Doctrine was stated in a rather crude, preliminary form by General Aleksei Yepishev, chief political officer of the Red Army, who warned that if "faithful Communists" in a "fraternal socialist country" requested help, the army was "ready to do its duty."

On May 4 Dubcek, National Assembly Chairman Josef Smrkovsky, Prime Minister Oldrich Cernik and Bilak flew to Moscow to ask for what Bilak describes as a loan. Actually, they were asking for the return of the eighteen million gold dollars seized by the Russians at the end of the war. They also wanted raw materials and other goods. The Russians thought they might be able to reach an agreement on certain conditions: The Czechs were to buy the raw materials that were in short supply in the Soviet Union from capitalist countries and turn them over to Moscow on credit. "We agreed to that but said that they must first give us 500 million gold rubles. They replied, 'Esteemed comrades, we will do that after you have put your house in order. We are not going to contribute to your counterrevolution.' "

An Independent Bloc

Shortly after this, the Presidium held a debate on the political situation and reached the conclusion that it was highly critical. Bilak's report is that the Party was mobilized, *aktivs* were formed and that he and other "good" Communists were ready to go into action. All that prevented them from carrying out their plans was that they didn't have the mass media under their control.

The Central Committee spent three days early in May preparing a document outlining ways and means for its own dissolution and the election of new members. The plan called for the Prague municipal committee to take over interim political responsibility for the situation in the country. Before the May plenum, Bilak was summoned to Prague and informed that the fourteenth Party Congress would be held in August. He protested, "when we were in Moscow we promised not to hold a congress and, now, two weeks later, we are planning to announce that it will be held in August! I beg of you let's not be foolish." "In actual fact," he told his audience, the Congress was being prepared by the press, television and radio. They were making the decisions as to who should sit on the Central Committee. Matters were catastrophic." It was at this point, Bilak says, that he resigned as Secretary General of the Slovak Party. The truth is that he was dismissed.

The next crisis arose when the Czechs refused an invitation to a meeting in Warsaw. "Our closest allies invited us to a conference and we refused to participate. . . . So they could do nothing but send us a letter." According to Bilak the excuse given was that the Czech leaders didn't have time to go to Warsaw because they were too busy preparing for the Congress. They also said they first wanted to hold bilateral

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meetings with other parties. "We didn't have time to go to a general meeting but we had plenty of time to hold several bilateral ones." Bilak exposes the real reason for turning down the invitation: Bilateral meetings were supposed to pave the way for a little entente. Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, Bilak charges, were to create a bloc to put the squeeze on the pro-Russian Kadar and dictate conditions to the Russians themselves. (If this is true, it is the only time that Dubcek gave any indication of political acumen.)

Demands

A rumor reached the Presidium one day that a letter threatening intervention was on its way from Moscow. Bilak's description of the scene that ensued is highly dramatic. One of the comrades shouted, "All is lost! The tanks will be here tomorrow!" and fainted. There was much milling around and all the members of the Presidium kept moaning that tanks would immediately follow the letter. Then, they heard that the Czech ambassador was arriving from Moscow to tell them the contents of the letter. (Apparently he could travel faster than the mail.) They waited for him until 2:30 A.M. at which time the hysterical comrade who had passed out earlier rushed in crying that everything was wonderful, "and there was no more fainting."

During the question period after the reading of his report, Bilak is asked what really took place in 1968. Novotny's ouster "had to happen and any analysis of events will have to go back to a period long before that. Novotny started to create a system that was suffocating the Party and it did not have an opportunity to develop. He began to lose his self-confidence. . . . I beg of you, esteemed comrades, to keep this to yourselves: After many important officials were awarded the Order of Lenin and Novotny didn't receive it on his birthday, he began to fear that he was losing support in Moscow. That shook his confidence even more and he went in for further suppression."

Bilak foreshadows the blame now being placed on the intellectuals for the Prague Spring by explaining that Novotny made it possible for "certain people" to install themselves in the communications media, the academies and research institutes and the diplomatic service so that they held key posts before January 1968.

After Novotny fell, twenty days passed with no Presidium meetings. "Why? Well, comrades, simply because nobody called a meeting. It is a rule in every collective that there is a leader who knows the right things to do—what must be done quickly, what consultations must be held and so forth." The implication is that Dubcek was not that kind of leader. Bilak says he did his best to set him on the right path. He said to him, "Please comrade, make a quick trip to Moscow for consultation. Explain our procedure because what has happened is no joke. We must tell the fraternal parties what we want, how far we're prepared to go in making concessions." Dubcek turned down this advice on the excuse that it would look as though the Czechs were taking orders from Moscow. "But this would not have been taking orders from Moscow, it would have been a coordination of plans. It is utopian, not to say stupid, to think that we can do what we like in Central Europe without first looking to left and right. . . ."

The situation as pictured by Bilak "developed chaotically." The Party was activated but at the same time "anti-socialist forces" were being let into the arena—"forces which had been waiting patiently for their opportunity," such as the 150,000 "who joined the Communist Party in 1948 for opportunistic reasons. I do not want to accuse anybody, for many have realized that they were right in joining but others have just been waiting for the right moment . . . I ask you, of what use to us are 90 per cent of the officials in the ministries when we have to set three Party members to watching each one of them to make sure he does his job?" Tremendous applause from the hall is recorded here.

Asked what he was doing in the Presidium at this time, Bilak replies that it was difficult to do very much for fear of causing a crisis in the leadership. "Besides, we [i.e., Moscow's men] were never in the majority." He claims that the Central Committee was paralyzed, the leadership of the Party was split and no longer capable of action. The press was in the hands of the "rightists"; the trade unions were disrupted; youth was excited and "shattered." "I have seen many things and I know a lot. When one looks at those forces that were here then, the question is, in what way could the healthy forces have begun moving? How could they have done it at a time when they were opposed by such enormous forces?"

What made things even harder was the "appalling lack of secrecy." The Presidium debates were carried on in public: "As soon as anything was said in the Presidium it became known in the editorial offices of newspapers and attacks could be mounted against individual comrades."

"The atmosphere was simply untenable. When the Soviets pulled out their soldiers after the [spring Warsaw Pact] maneuvers, the rightists took heart and said, 'We pushed them out and they'll never dare come back.' Social democrat exiles in London kept sending us mes-

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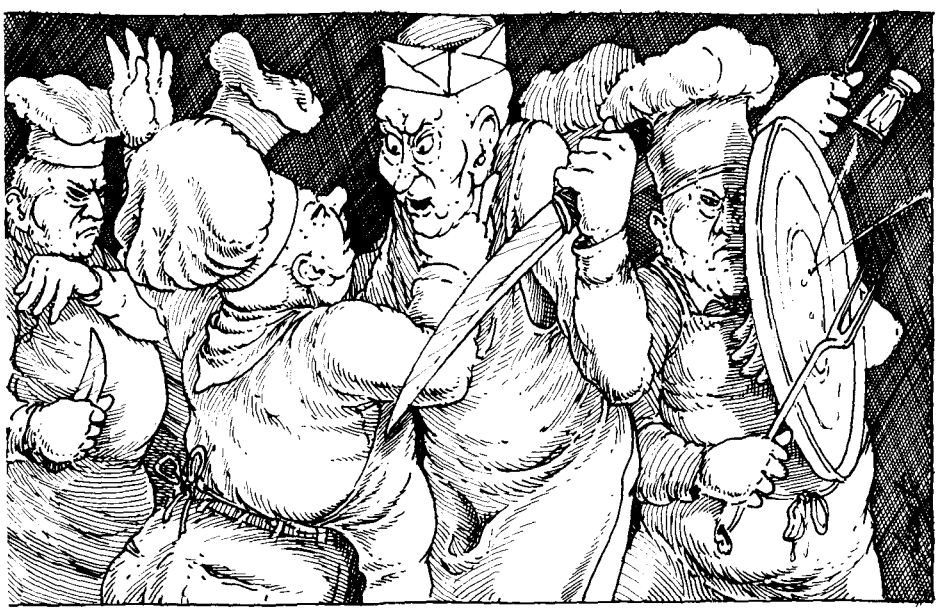
sages that the Russians were just going 'boo, boo, boo!' and would do nothing. As we have seen, they were not just going, 'boo, boo, boo!'—they were giving us solemn warnings."

Through July, the Soviet Union and its allies kept the pressure on Czechoslovakia. An article in *Pravda* compared the Czech "counterrevolutionaries" to those active in Hungary in 1956; nothing was said about the Russian tanks that put an end to that reform movement, but the message was obvious. On July 16 the other Warsaw Pact countries blasted the Czechoslovakian liberalization movement as "completely unacceptable," the work of those who would "take Czechoslovakia out of the socialist camp." The whole situation, the Czechoslovakians were warned, was "something more than only your concern." On the 21st, the Soviet Union renewed its demand that Czechoslovakia permit the stationing of Soviet troops near the West German border.



A Decision

On July 29, the entire Politburo of the Soviet Party went to Cierna to meet with the Presidium of the Czechoslovakian Party. Bilak was there: "We begged the Soviets to come to Cierna and, before the meeting, a great signature-gathering project got under way to show how united we were. . . . Resolutions were also being signed. Many honest people thought that all this might help and so we went to Cierna with these resolutions. . . . But we had held no consultations beforehand about what our procedure would be. . . . The Soviets came very well prepared, but each one of us was on his own.

"The first to speak was Brezhnev, who gave a very concise two-and-a-half hour analysis of the political situation. His speech had been discussed for three days and nights in the Soviet Presidium and it had been approved. Next came Dubcek. Then [Chairman Alexei] Kosygin analyzed the economic situation. After him, Cernik took the floor. He hadn't known that he was to address the meeting. [Soviet President Nikolai] Podgorny's subject was the role of the state in building socialism and what was happening in our country to the state and power organs. Alexander Shelepin [of the Soviet Presidium] spoke of the trade unions and their tasks."

At that point, the Czechs had run out of speakers, so a Russian gave a talk on the guiding principles of the Communist Party. Then silence must have fallen, because Bilak reports that one of the Russians asked, "Aren't you prepared to go on with the debate?"

"Oh yes we are," they replied and, turning to Bilak, said, "You speak."

Comrade Bilak had a problem. Just before the delegation's departure from Prague, Smrkovsky had led him off for a little stroll along Na Prikopech Street and given him a lecture on what the attitude was to be at Cierna, warning him that anyone who stepped out of line would be committing treason. "My presentation was roughly along the lines stressed by Comrade Smrkovsky," he tells his audience. It can't have been too much along those lines for he confides that, between betraying his comrades and betraying the interests of the people and the Communist Party, he plumped for the former.

'They're Coming . . .'

Later, he says, he paid dearly for such independence, being branded a traitor, as were all the other comrades who expressed views differing from Smrkovsky's. In Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia—the province where he had been head of the Party—posters were put up calling him a traitor and saying that he wanted to sell out to the Russians. "If someone expected that I would incite against the Soviet Union, that I would place myself on that anti-Soviet wave and make my career on it, then indeed I have betrayed. But if that time were to be repeated, I would betray once again. I would never put myself against the Soviet Union because that is against the interests of this Party and this nation."

After this detour to describe his personal sufferings, Bilak returns to the Cierna talks. The Russians said to them: " 'We have never in our lives taken part in a negotiation like this one. Tell us, what kind of method is this of collecting signatures to show that the people are behind you, that you are united? Suppose that tomorrow you bring in fourteen million signatures? All right. Then you want us to bring 250 million signatures the day after tomorrow? We assure you we are quite capable of organizing that.'

" 'Don't tell us that you have the situation in hand. When you have the situation in hand, you do the organizing, and if someone else is doing it as well, it means that you haven't got it in hand and the day after tomorrow someone will arrive with an appeal to dissolve the Communist Party, separate from the USSR and so forth. How will you be able to cope with that if you haven't been able to cope with what happened before?' "

The document drawn up after the Cierna talks was put on ice at the request of the Czechs, who asked for a second meeting at Bratislava. Meanwhile, press attacks on Czechoslovakia ceased, and the media in Czechoslovakia toned down their criticism of the USSR and their demands for ever more reform. The final document at Bratis-

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LETTER FROM ATHENS

Mr. Agnew Goes Home Again

(A Biased Report)

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

THE FOREIGN PRESS GROUP is assembled at a cocktail party given by Ambassador Henry Tasca at the Athens Hilton for Vice President Agnew. As I join one group a newsman for a major U.S. network is complaining that he is fresh out of adjectives to describe Mr. Agnew's reception in Greece. "Tepid," "apathetic," "perfunctory," "studied"—he's used them all. That's to be the attitude of the foreign press, particularly the American correspondents.

Next morning we're up early, headed for the town of Gargaliani, birthplace of Spiro Agnew's father. We careen along a hilly road lined with lemon trees, pines, eucalyptus and olive groves westward toward the Ionian Sea. Our driver attacks each curve like Fangio. He may be comforted by the five religious medals that swing from his dashboard; his passengers are not.

Two hours later we are in Gargaliani, its houses dressed up with fresh paint, and bay leaves strewn across the newly scrubbed streets. You can pick out the new buildings, the library, the schools, by their neoclassical architecture. They blend in well with the older homes and stores. We are informed—proudly—that Gargaliani has three primary schools and one secondary school.

It's a beautiful cloudless day. Old women in black with craggy weather-beaten faces stand in front of their whitewashed stone houses. They smile at the photographers, and exclaim to each other: "Foreigners, foreigners." Most of the population of six thousand is on the streets, many in the gold-embroidered purple velvet vests and black tasseled caps of the district, the others in their sober Sunday best. Teenagers line the streets waving Greek and American flags. You can pick out the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, the Youth Movement Scouts. I spot five men wearing American Legion caps. Thousands more people have arrived from nearby villages by bus, car, motorscooter, horse and buggy.

We stop at a tavern for a drink. Many of the correspondents need one badly, but the proprietor and the waiter are not to be found. A friendly fisherman helps us to some beer.

While we await the Vice President's arrival I walk around with two newsmen. I've offered to translate for them. They want to know what the people think of Mr. Agnew, but more important, whether the people like the government. Do they miss parliamentary democracy? Better still, are they afraid? The answers are no end disappointing. The people like Mr. Agnew; they like the government too. When you ask them if they're afraid, they laugh and ask for clarification. They're not sure they got that one right.

We pick out one man and ask: "Do you miss democracy?"

"No."

"Do you think you have democracy now?"

"Yes."

"Has the government helped you?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't you like a return to the old system?"

"Why? We're doing better than before."

This will never do. We walk off and some of the foreign reporters get into heated arguments with local newsmen. They claim these people answer the way they do because they are afraid. A Greek newsman insists you can assemble a crowd by force but it is hard to make them look happy about it.

THE ARGUMENT is cut short by the roar of three giant Chinook helicopters that whirl the dust around us as they settle down on the cinder soccer field. Vice President Agnew steps out of one, and the band strikes up the Star Spangled Banner. He smiles and waves at the crowd. I get the impression that he is a bit self-conscious. He starts to speak. His voice seems to break. The interpreter at the next microphone weeps unashamedly. There are tears in many eyes; Greeks *are* emotional. The foreign press is busy moving through the parking lots, checking license plates to see if the government has provided free transportation from afar for the tumultuous welcoming crowd.

Mr. Agnew is speaking of his father. He regrets his father is not alive to see his son's return to his native village, to the welcome he is being given by his father's relatives, friends and neighbors.

"The American writer, Thomas Wolfe, once wrote, 'You can't go home again,' " says Mr. Agnew. "By this he meant that the boy, grown to manhood, can never return to the innocent days of his childhood. Yet today, were he here to see the welcome given us, I believe that he would agree that in some ways, a man *can* go home again—even to a home he has only heard of but never seen before: the home of his father and of his heritage. The spirit of this village, of these hills and of this country, inspired my father throughout his life. It is the spirit that Greece has infused into Western civilization and all other cultures and people touched by the Greek heritage: the spirit that tells us that the pathway to individual freedom and human dignity . . . to peace and love among all people . . . lies through the ancient virtues of love, courage, self-discipline and respect for our fellow man."

I move off with the other newsmen toward the center of town and the ancestral home. The crowds lining the sidewalks smile and mug for the cameras. It is very hot now, but clear and breezy. Police are everywhere, furiously gesticulating, trying to clear a path for the official party. We ignore them. They shrug their shoulders and leave us alone.

The homestead is a two-story, wood-shuttered, crumbling white stone house—110 years old—and looks as if it might turn to dust at any moment. Today it is the home of Andreas Anagnostopoulos, Spiro Agnew's 53-year-old cousin.

Mr. Anagnostopoulos, his wife and their son Democratis wait at the door. The Vice President gets out of his car

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Mr. Theodoracopulos is a freelance journalist. His last piece in NATIONAL REVIEW *was an on-the-spot report of the civil war in Jordan some months back.*

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DRUG PATROL

Vindication of John Bricker

JOHN KAPLAN

It has been about a quarter of a century since the late Senator John Bricker proposed the famous Bricker Amendment to prevent our foreign agreements from overriding American domestic law. At that time, the amendment ran into such a buzzsaw of liberal opposition and such a cacophony of denunciation by one-worlders that it never received the full discussion it deserved. Indeed, it has taken some 25 years for the government finally to prove how right the Senator was.

The dramatic demonstration of all this is contained in a little-noticed treaty already signed by the State Department and submitted to the Senate for ratification.

As one might guess, the ostensible justification for the treaty is that it will aid in combating our drug problem. Had it been any issue raising less public emotion or one where demands to "do something" were less intense, no bureaucrat would have dared to propose ratification. In brief terms, what the treaty, usually referred to as the Vienna Protocol on Psychotropic Drugs, does is turn over to the United Nations a sizable part of the decision-making authority over the control of manufactured mind-altering—or psychotropic—drugs within the United States.

It is not as if the document, once read, is the least bit sneaky about its purpose. Indeed, its preamble includes an affirmation "acknowledging the competence of the United Nations in the field of control of psychotropic substances. . . ." There is a considerable irony in this inasmuch as the only other effort of the United Nations in this regard is the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961—a conspicuous disaster that, as almost any newspaper will reveal, has had no discernible effect on those of its signatories which actually produce the opiates, cocaine and marijuana it purports to control.

On first glance, the Vienna Protocol seems a forward-looking document. Its structure shows many similarities to the most recent American drug law concerning the same drugs, the Controlled Substances Act of 1970. Both laws, for instance, divide drugs into schedules with varying measures of control applicable to each. The American Drug Law controlling a larger range of drugs utilizes five categories. The Protocol divides the 32 drugs it lists by name into four schedules which as a general approximation seem to be: 1) the hallucinogens, 2) the amphetamines and amphetamine-like compounds, 3) the barbituate-like compounds, and 4) minor tranquilizers and sedatives.

This schedule is hardly an academic exercise: Not only is the foreign trade in these drugs rigorously circumscribed, but within each signatory itself the drugs on Schedule I are forbidden for any but scientific, experimental and "very limited medical" purposes, while those in II, III and IV, which can be made available by prescription, are saddled with enormously detailed record-keeping and inventory-control provisions.

A more significant difference between the treaty and present law involves the methods whereby further drugs may be added to the schedules. The American Drug Law sets out detailed standards for determining which drugs belong in which schedules, the determination to be made by the Attorney General after a hearing, with the typical right of appeal from the administrative decision to the courts. The Vienna Protocol is far less carefully drafted in this respect. It provides only one real standard: that the drug be capable of producing a state of dependence and either central nervous system stimulation or depression or disturbances in thinking perception or mood—a standard which is met not only by the drugs mentioned by name in the Protocol but by coffee, tobacco and alcohol. (The standards set out in the Controlled Substances Act are somewhat less elastic, and that statute includes the further precaution of a specific provision exempting alcohol and tobacco from regulation.)

If the conditions specified in the Protocol are met by a drug, all the UN authority must determine is that the drug's abuse is similar to that of drugs already scheduled and that "there is sufficient evidence that the substance is being or is likely to be abused so as to constitute a public health and social problem warranting the placing of the substance under international control." In other words, it could be placed under UN control, if the UN authorities feel it should be placed under control. The concept of due process seems to have no place in such a decision.

Apparently the major Administration argument for the Protocol is that it would make no change in American law, since the drugs mentioned in the Protocol are already controlled by our law in the same ways. Aside from the dominating question of principle in the surrender of sovereignty, there are two practical problems with this view.

The first problem is that the Protocol freezes the American Drug Law in its present state. Should, for instance, any drug presently on Schedule I and hence not available for general prescription later turn out to be medically valuable, we would require the permission of authorities at the UN before we could make it available.

The second problem is that any future changes the United Nations decides to make in the drug schedule would bind the United States. Even if UN authorities stopped short of placing alcohol in Schedule III, where as a medical matter it probably belongs, they could impose an enormous economic burden on any company unfortunate enough to produce a drug arguably falling into the very loose categories set out in the Protocol.

It is by no means far-fetched to worry, for instance, that they might decide to impose either the expensive restraints of Schedules II, III and IV on many over-the-counter medicines, or even to move certain commonly prescribed drugs, such as the amphetamines, into Schedule I and hence make them essentially unavailable. Although there are certain escapes provided in

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the treaty for countries that do not wish to apply the full rigor of controls to any newly scheduled drugs, the treaty provides "basic" controls that are mandatory even in the case of such a refusal and which would be enormously expensive and inefficient to apply.

Nor can we repose special confidence in the Commission on Narcotic Drugs of the United Nations Economic and Social Council—the authority on drug classification—or in the World Health Organization, which is to make recommendations to the Commission. For instance, decisions in the Commission can be made by a two-thirds majority and a quick look at the membership of the Council, including Togo, Turkey, Pakistan, Mexico, Jamaica, Hungary and the Soviet Union certainly gives us no confidence that we could at some future time muster a two-thirds vote to make life easier for ourselves should good medical practice indicate any change in the scheduling. Indeed, considering the allies we can muster on the drug control issue, it might be very difficult even to command the one-third vote necessary to veto any expensive, unreasonable or just plain embarrassing measures that other nations might wish to impose on us.

Finally even apart from its internal effects, the Vienna Protocol is a political disaster. Since the main thrust of the treaty is to impose international obligations with respect to foreign trade and domestic law, the Soviet Union has had no hesitation in joining in. They neither export nor import pharmaceuticals and are very fond of saying that the drug problem is a purely capitalist phenomenon, unknown in the Soviet Union. (Indeed there is no reason why a police state should not be able to enforce any drug law it wishes.)

Nor should we be surprised if the Soviet Union sees the Vienna Protocol as the perfect weapon with which to gain favor in the underdeveloped world. It is quite clear to all concerned that the United States Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has been the main mover in drafting and promulgating the Vienna Protocol and that our State Department has applied enormous pressure on other nations to sign it. The irony, of course, is that those nations, which have been coerced into signing the document, can hardly be expected to devote any resources to adhering to its terms. Indeed, most of them are not capable of doing so any more than they were capable of adhering to the Single Convention.

Finally, the guffaws around the Kremlin should be almost audible, since as a companion to the submission of the Vienna Protocol, President Nixon has announced that he will ask Congress to amend the Foreign Assistance Act so that Communist countries could qualify for American aid "in ending drug traffic." Nor is this the only expense that our international drug control adventures promise to cause. We have not as yet seen any accounting of the huge amounts of money spent trying to induce nations to halt the production of drugs which cause us—but not them—problems. The Department of Justice has given contracts all over the lot, e.g., to Arthur D. Little of Boston to tell the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs what its international objectives in drug control should be, and to a laboratory in Houston to develop lightning bugs which will light up in the presence of heroin. And we have given $2 million to a special UN fund the better to enforce the UN drug agreements (they have yet to spend a penny of this).

"Take it from a man, dear, aggressiveness and a competitive attitude can completely wither a woman's charm and femininity."

As an internal political matter it may make sense to blame our own drug problem on other nations. And certainly we would be better off if they did not produce any of the drugs that are abused in this country. The fact of the matter is, however, that only the United States (and perhaps Sweden) conceives of itself as having a serious problem with the type of manufactured drugs controlled by the Vienna Protocol. And in our case domestic manufacture accounts for almost all of those drugs which are abused (as distinguished from the "natural" marijuana, cocaine and opiates).

Moreover, once this agreement binds us with respect to the scheduled types of drugs, does anyone really believe it will stop there? There are many drugs other than those contemplated in the Protocol that might be controlled and there are even more restrictive ways of controlling them. Nor do we need to stop with drugs. The international arms trade has caused many nations problems and an arms protocol—with, of course, accompanying domestic restrictions—cannot be far off once the drug control treaty is ratified.

We do need regulation in both cases. We are far better off if we recognize this and then put our minds to the type of regulation, rather than ceding control to others no more knowledgeable than ourselves—and less concerned with our welfare. □

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Letter from the Continent

SOVIET VICTORIES

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the Berlin arrangements and the Crimean trip of Chancellor Willy Brandt constitute definite Soviet victories. It has been declared officially that West Berlin is no longer an integral part of West Germany; the German Democratic Republic has, to all practical purposes, been recognized by West Germany and, indirectly, by the Western powers. All this has happened because the German Social Democratic Party, once entirely Marxist in spirit, has gradually abandoned Marxism as its basic creed but has nevertheless been unable to dissociate itself entirely from this heritage.

After 1945 the Social Democrats took a strongly anti-Soviet position and considered any compromise with the Soviet Occupation Zone out of the question. Today Chancellor Brandt would not dare to talk about the Soviet Occupation Zone; he glibly refers to the "DDR" or "German Democratic Republic," implying that he regards its regime as a form of democracy. It seems likely that a number of people belonging to other parties are not altogether opposed to this new wave of appeasement, which, at long last, gives German assent to the treaties of Yalta and Potsdam.

A great weariness, a general lack of principle permeates all Germany—and the rest of Free Europe—and in this relativist haze an agreement between East and West Germany seems not unlikely. Moreover, Brandt has led his government into a situation where a retreat is fraught with dangers. Not to ratify the Moscow agreement might cause the USSR to feel rebuffed to such an extent it might be tempted to retaliate.

Thus far the Soviets seem victorious. In spite of certain defeats in remote corners of the world (Sudan and Morocco), they rule supreme in their own neighborhood and beyond. Historically speaking, we are forced to admit that they deserve their triumphs—the result of the congenital weakness of all democracies in the two increasingly crucial domains of foreign policy and military affairs.

These two domains have four aspects in common: They need a superior expertise and no interference from the masses, a fact brilliantly demonstrated by Walter Lippmann in *The Public Philosophy*. Closely connected with this is the necessity of secrecy, the inadmissibility of imparting anything more than sketchy information to the public (since the enemy is always listening in). Third, there is the undemocratic aspect of swift decisions and, paradoxically, the need to plan far ahead. Any government from above, be it an absolute monarchy or dictatorship, has an immense advantage over democracies in these matters.

Absolute powers enjoy these advantages not only in case of war, but also in the relatively more tranquil periods of peace, in the field of diplomacy and foreign policy. In the democracies the mass media can create a fanaticism that outlives the war and renders sane and sober treaty-making all but impossible—whether in regard to mere armistice arrangements or formal pacts. The moral indignation over the misdeeds of the Nazis was so great that few people in the West—except those who thought in historical terms—felt anything but hatred for the Germans and were, at best, indifferent to their allies. These same people also had boundless admiration for the Russians and no compunctions about Potsdam and Yalta. The sad truth is that the masses never reason historically; they neither know the past (from which alone they could learn), nor do they think in generational terms.

THE POSITION of the Soviets, however, is even stronger than that of the absolute monarchy. Their leaders follow a messianic ideology: They are convinced that the truth is on their side and that it is their mission to save mankind, even if it means perpetrating immoral acts. In their eyes the non-Communist world vegetates in the shadow of death and error, of backwardness, vice, historic obsolescence and social decay. What the Communists are doing—slyly or brutally—merely hastens the inexorable drama of history.

Hence the profile of Soviet foreign policy as we know it: absolute refusal to compromise, to yield an inch, except for political purposes; refusal to see in the opponent anything but an historically, scientifically and morally inferior entity. Not being exposed to critical mass media, to the *vox populi*, to moral qualms, to free elections, to fear of local reactions, the Soviets can go ahead and follow an historic foreign policy, not just a political one. An average Communist statesman can achieve more than a clever politician in a democracy who has to use his time cajoling constituents, preparing for the next election, as well as conducting foreign policy.

SINCE World War II the Russians have had Stalin, Malenkov, Khrushchev, and now they have a new strongman, Brezhnev. This means certain changes in the personal touch, but, as with the politics of the Bourbons, Hohenzollerns, Romanovs or Vasas, one can recognize a distinct line. The tactics may change, but the same aims, the same strategy—and, of course, the patience and stubbornness of those with an unchanging goal in view—are discernible.

All this should explain why the USSR can now cash the check it was given in 1943-1945. Stubbornness toward an adversary who does not have a higher aim or unity or continuity can certainly pay dividends. The Communist establishment has been compared to the Catholic Church and in the past certain analogies did exist: In both cases there was an international outlook, an unchanging creed, discipline and selflessness. The main difference was the otherworldliness of the Church and the worldliness of Communist ideology.

Today the Church has become flexible and weak while the Soviets indefatigably pursue their aims. They represent an exclamation mark; the West, in its attitude of polite doubt, a mere question mark. And who wants to fight or die for a question mark? □

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RUSSELL KIRK

From the Academy

TO PRESERVE OUR PATRIMONY

As I wander, speechifying, over the face of this land, I observe that most people in the seats of the mighty seem quite indifferent to the doom of visible monuments of American civilization. By urban "renewers," by federal and state highway builders, by high rise developers, by Burger Kings, the public and domestic and commercial architecture of yesteryear is being swept away.

"These are the links that join one generation to another," said Joseph Joubert, thinking both of our institutional and our architectural inheritance. "Conserve that on which your fathers' eyes have looked." But twentieth-century America levels our ancient edifices, in T. S. Eliot's phrases, to clear the ground on which "the barbarians of the future will encamp in their mechanized caravans."

In nearly every city or town I visit, the city fathers decree boredom for the rising generation, by neglecting or deliberately erasing almost anything historic or architecturally interesting. I think—one instance among a thousand—of Helena, Montana, the only place in that state which has, or had, many buildings worth looking at. The whole core of the city is dissolving or being "renewed" by bulldozer; only local college students and a few older obscurants recognize that Helena, with a charming diversity of local architectural styles, was worth keeping and genuinely renewing.

In a few good-sized cities, true, the friends of preservation stand their ground as best they can. Something has been done in Savannah, in Charleston, in Providence, in this or that quarter of other cities. But even in a place where there has been deliberate restoration on a considerable scale, like Providence, Rhode Island (which city recently was one of the four recipients of HUD grants for the study of methods of urban preservation), the stars in their courses fight against preservation of fine and interesting buildings.

In Providence, the Redevelopment Agency approved an elaborate plan to preserve and adapt the handsome complex of ten buildings of the American Screw Company, a monument of nineteenth-century industrial architecture. In July, however, arsonists set many fires (1,345 fire alarms in four days) in Providence: nonviolent protest, you know. Now every building is ash on an old man's sleeve. If the affluent developers don't succeed in ruining a city, the slum lunatics will.

Yet say not the struggle naught availeth. I have on my desk a handsome new book, *The Lower Garden District*, first volume in a projected series of four about New Orleans architecture. Sumptuously illustrated, it is published by the Pelican Publishing Company, 630 Burmaster Street, Gretna, Louisiana ($12.50); and it is prepared by a New Orleans group called the Friends of the Cabildo, who saved and helped to restore, last year, New Orleans' noble old Spanish city hall on Jackson Square.

Rich though New Orleans has been in good and interesting buildings from the eighteenth century onward, the city has its troubles nowadays. For a time, it appeared that a huge elevated expressway would be built between the Vieux Carré and the Mississippi; this scheme was vetoed, to my grateful astonishment, by the federal Department of Transportation.

But New Orleans has what most cities haven't—several imaginative and energetic organizations that know how to ensure a future for the past. The Friends of the Cabildo, the Louisiana Landmarks Society, the Foundation for Historical Louisiana, and the New Orleans chapter of the National Trust for Historic Preservation have a hard row to hoe, but they let nothing good be deliberately destroyed.

Leafing through *The Lower Garden District*, one is struck with how much good architecture, peculiarly American, our cities once possessed—not New Orleans only; and with how much has vanished within the memory of those now in their middle years. Of three hundred important buildings in that district, listed in a survey of 1965, nearly one-third have been destroyed in the past six years! Many of the demolished houses and other structures can be seen in this book—lovely ghosts.

What can *you* do about this mischief, gentle reader? Why, join your local equivalent of the Friends of the Cabildo, if there be such; and donate some money to their treasury; for the profiteers of bulldozer "renewal" are well financed, but it is otherwise with the preservationists. Also join (for as little as $10 a year, or $5 for a student) the National Trust for Historic Preservation (740-748 Jackson Place N.W., Washington, D.C.).

The American National Trust now owns several splendid historic properties, but it has not yet grown to be such a guardian of houses and lands as is the English National Trust. What our National Trust can do is to supply information and advice, in some detail, about the cause of preservation. Its monthly *Preservation News* and its quarterly *Historic Preservation* are publications crammed with bad tidings and good.

In one recent number of *Preservation News*, for instance, you can learn of how the philistine president and trustees of West Chester State College, in Pennsylvania, pulled down Old Main, one of the biggest serpentine stone buildings in the world. But also you can learn that the scheme for the James Island Bridge, which would have done much damage in the heart of Charleston, South Carolina, has been suspended.

In the same number of that paper, one finds two lively articles about Seattle's Pike Place Market (in danger of demolition), the most curious old-fangled public market in this country; also a piece about the successful restoration of Seattle's Pioneer Square. There is an account of the struggle to prevent the building of a hideous commercial steel tower in the middle of Gettysburg battlefield; and another of plans (unsuccessful) to save Chicago's Old Stock Exchange. Having visited all those places mentioned above, I lift up my hands and bless National Trust. □

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BOOKS

Much Ado...

DAVID BRUDNOY

The Pentagon Papers,
As Published by the New York Times
Quadrangle, 810 pp., $15
The Senator Gravel Edition—
The Pentagon Papers
Beacon Press, 4 vol., 2,899 pp.,
$45 hardbound; $20 paperback

"No one who reads these volumes," Senator Mike Gravel tells us, "can fail to conclude that, had the true facts been known earlier, the war would long ago have ended, and the needless deaths of thousands of Americans and Vietnamese would have been averted." That, I tell him, is palpable nonsense, like the rest of his introduction to Beacon Press' mammoth edition, which some hearty souls will sniff their way through in pursuit of something interesting amidst the lachrymose mass of insinuendo preceding the 2,899 pages of Truth.

Three questions confront one reviewing, reading or merely pondering the appearance of these tomes. The first has to do with their contributions to our understanding of the war in Indochina; the second touches on the propriety of Daniel Ellsberg's procurement of the Papers; and the third concerns the merits of each edition. Of necessity I must attempt to comment on these three matters, knowing that I may well be mistaken; and with this momentous war, and the critical issues raised by the publication of the Papers, to be mistaken is to be very mistaken indeed. As one who, until about four years ago, was fervently opposed to the Vietnam war, I write as a late-comer to the cause. We all know that converts are especially firm in the faith. This by way of warning, and prologue.

Few will read the Pentagon Papers. Few read them in the *Times* and the other journals which accepted them from "secret" sources and published them excerpted. Fewer will read them in the Quadrangle edition and, I'd wager, practically nobody will read, though many will buy, this book that Everybody Should Own, the "Senator Gravel Edition." Beacon Press missed a good thing by not gussying up the Papers in a gorgeously illustrated Christmas-y volume sized for coffee tables.

I have been accused of being a crypto-masochist, and maybe that's true, because I actually read the entirety of these papers; it took five weeks, and never was bedtime reading more soporific. How naïve the mass of our fellows must be, if they find in them something all that surprising. For they include nearly every conceivable opinion, contingency plan, fanciful scenario, rock-hard statistical abstraction, rambling bureaucratese-(or militarese-) mumbo-jumbo. Did you fall for *NR*'s "Pentagon Papers"? Don't feel duped; they read like the gen-yoo-wine article.

But the Pentagon Papers here printed are just that, Defense Department papers, and some others. But *not* most Presidential papers, State Department papers, and CIA papers, and no Republic of Vietnam papers. Is this the "true, complete history of America's involvement"? Not at all. These papers are parts, fragments, some sides of a more than pentagon-sided matter, a legitimate source, but only *a* source, not the whole truth and nothing but, which an historian would be obliged to consider when writing a scholarly history of the war. Those who know something of the operations of government, and especially of the incredible complexity of our government and its seemingly limitless resources and agencies and agents busy at this and that task, must find these papers as surprising as would one who knows a bit about horticulture find the presence of mealybugs in his garden.

These papers are by no means as mind-boggling as their promoters would have us think. What is astounding, or devious, or, to be blunt, evil, about the most powerful nation in the world, obliged to play some role in a million

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different controversies, attempting to *win* a major conflict in which it finds itself? What makes these scavengers—these Ellsbergs, Gravels and their minions—so much the embodiments of "morality," simply because they cry *Foul!* upon discovering that their nation is and acts like a nation, not like some Gandhiesque figment of imagination, or some Quaker-pacifist chimera? That I read all these thousands of pages and am more bored than enlightened, more confirmed in my belief that this war is just (or would be, were the current Administration in Washington to pursue it to victory), more sanguine than not, is perhaps an indication, as Mike Gravel would say—did hint, in fact, as we discussed this issue on television—of some "moral" want in me. If so, and I think it is not, then so be it. Those nine people in America who will actually read the entire Pentagon Papers will, I firmly believe, find in them no revelation.

"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . ." What does this mean?

The late Justice Black stressed the "no law" part of the First Amendment and believed that "no law" means just that—no law. But the Supreme Court has frequently ruled otherwise. From the "clear and present danger" decisions on, and before, through the exceptions made for "obscenity" (which the Court has repeatedly said is *not* protected by the Amendment) and the rulings upholding convictions of traitors who have stolen government documents and given them to the enemy, the First Amendment to the Constitution has been interpreted to mean something other than what the words taken at face value say. The First Amendment fetishism permeating the front matter of both editions and the airwaves when the Papers were published last summer, tiptoes airily over a matter far less simple than some might like to think.

THE PAPERS are brought to you courtesy of the noted Thoreauvian, Dr. Ellsberg, who swiped and disseminated them. It is a given, an implied assumption of both editions before us, that the phenomenon of a former government servant breaking his compact with his nation, which nurtures and mistakenly trusted him, is an act of virtue. As they would have us believe, Dr. Ellsberg is a hero, and only wretches like Attorney General Mitchell, who sought unsuccessfully to stem the consequences of the Martyr Daniel's action, are guilty. A private citizen like me must be wary of exercising the "right" to adjudge men now before the bar of justice. But I call attention to the fact that neither of these editions raises the question I here pose—to wit: What is the propriety of Dr. Ellsberg's action? Perhaps they do not discuss the question because it is so ticklish, although I think they do not because of their belief that all good men and true see Dr. Ellsberg's action as proper, and that's that. If so, we are in even sadder shape than I would have thought a half-year back.

AND FINALLY, the shopper's guide: Except for military or diplomatic historians, who will want the fuller Beacon version, the *Times* edition is sufficient. It contains 134 documents; uninspired, self-righteous analyses by E. W. Kenworthy, Fox Butterfield, Hedrick Smith, and hot stuff like this from Neil Sheehan: "There is an absence of emotional anguish or moral questioning of action [sic!] in the [Papers]"; *Times* editorials; records of the courts' arguments and decisions; and, aside from the latter, the most interesting part of the book: Max Frankel's well-done essay, "The Lessons of Vietnam." In addition to its detestation of the war, which surely helps account for its eagerness to publish these documents, the *Times* obviously perceived an obligation to put them on record. I disagree with that perception, but the *Times* edition, at least, is readable.

As we who teach and write learn often to our sorrow, motivation is hard to assess. That I regret what Dr. Ellsberg and his allies have wrought should neither lead me to assume that he and they were ill-motivated, nor to play sandbox psychologist, as some have done with great rhetorical skill, and attempt to do in Daniel the Just on a ground upon which I, as a layman, tread unsurely.

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: If you can bear it, there's *The New York Times Report from Red China* (Quadrangle, $6.95). Read all about Scotty's operation! . . . For the ultimate in gift books (and in price), Roberto Salvini's *The Sistine Chapel*, in two volumes, boasts over three hundred plates, mostly in full color (Abrams, $275). . . . *Lost New York* by Nathan Silver is a memorable photographic paean to vanished urban beauty (Schocken paperback, $5.95).

■ JANUARY BOOKS: In *Mussolini and Fascism: The View from America* John P. Diggins reminds us that Il Duce was a hero to Lippmann, Hearst and many who were polled by Dr. Gallup (Princeton, $16.50). . . . Latest volume of de Gaulle's autobiography is *Memoirs of Hope* (Simon & Schuster, $10). . . . *Every Other Inch a Lady* is Bea Lillie's memoir (Doubleday, $5.95). The same publisher collects some Russell Baker pieces in *Poor Russell's Almanac* ($5.95).

The World of P. G. Wodehouse is a profile by the *New Yorker*'s Herbert Warren Wind, with photos picked and captioned by Wodehouse (Praeger, $5.95). . . . *Stalin* is a big bio by H. Montgomery Hyde (Farrar, $12.95). . . . John W. Aldridge collects his essays on American literature and culture over the last two decades for *The Devil in the Fire* (Harper's Magazine Press, $10). . . . Paul Goodman's *Speaking and Language* is an idiosyncratic defense of poetry (Random House, $6.95). . . . Robert (*Man from UNCLE*) Vaughn offers a left-liberal view of show-biz blacklisting in *Only Victims* (Putnam, $7.95).

Murray B. Levin examines the post-World War I "Red Scare," deplores the national reaction in *Political Hysteria in America* (Basic, $7.50). . . . Chris Albertson, in charge of the Bessie Smith reissue program at Columbia, out with a life of the Empress of the Blues, *Bessie* (Stein & Day, $7.95). . . . *Bakunin on Anarchy* is a big collection edited by Samuel Dolgoff (Knopf, $10).

Peter Schrag anatomizes *The Decline of the Wasp* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . *Lloyd George* is not *his* diary but that of his longtime mistress-secretary, Frances Stevenson (Harper, $15). From the same house, in what may be the mistitle of the new year, James MacGregor Burns has a new batch of snake oil, this time labeled *Uncommon Sense* ($6.95). Harper also brings us all of Dorothy Sayers' Wimsey short stories in *Lord Peter* ($10). . . . Bruno Leoni collects his lectures under the title of *Freedom and the Law* (Nash, $8.95).

■ REVERSE SUBVERSION: Lord Snow reports, in the *Times* (London), that Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief* and *Put Out More Flags* will appear in Russian translations in 1972. If he's right, another dozen commissars will wind up in Siberia.

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Yet I am sorely tempted at least to wonder about Mr. Gravel, whose introduction I read with increasing wonderment. Senator Gravel's Vietnam war has served "only to perpetuate American military power in Asia. Peace has never been on the American agenda for Southeast Asia." Does a United States senator really believe that? The Senator from Alaska finds in the Pentagon Papers an "appalling litany of faulty premises and questionable objectives."

He lives in an America that "created an artificial client state in South Vietnam [which] *never* [served] the cause of their own people" (my italics). Our leaders, Mr. Gravel believes, showed "no concern in the decision-making process for the impact of our actions upon the Vietnamese people [or of] the costs of our policies that would be borne by the very people we claimed to be helping." And on and on, until "now there is a great [green?] awakening in our land." And again on. And on.

I did not like the two recent Administrations which accelerated America's involvement in Vietnam, though not for that. Nor do I like, and partly for this reason, the Administration which now beats a hasty, senseless retreat from Vietnam for political purposes. But Senator Gravel and I obviously do not live in the same country. *His* leaders are motivated differently; the war *he* sees is not that which I see; his reading of world realities is from a language I do not know. I may err grievously, but I still believe, and think history will bear out, that which Vice President Johnson observed to his chief on May 23, 1961:

> The battle against Communism must be joined in Southeast Asia with strength and determination to achieve success there—or the United States, inevitably, must surrender the Pacific and take up our defenses on our own shores. Asian Communism is compromised and contained by the maintenance of free nations on the subcontinent. Without this inhibitory influence, the island outposts —Philippines, Japan, Taiwan—have no security and the vast Pacific becomes a Red sea.

That's in the Pentagon Papers too, and may be worth the trip through them to find. □

GIFT BOOKS

NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE

C. H. SIMONDS

I don't know what I'd do without Mr. Firuski. Yes, I do—I'd buy paperbacks from the rack at the Grand Union, hohum. How much more pleasant to stroll into his shop, meaning only to pay a little something on my permanent bill, and have Mr. Firuski emerge from the back bearing some costly item: "This just came in [holds it up] . . . very fine [opens it] . . . beautiful job [savors the texture of the paper between thumb and forefinger] . . . I can hold it for you if you like." But of course I must possess it *right now*, so when I depart the bill is about what it was when I came in.

Unhappily, there are fewer and fewer fine new books for Mr. Firuski and me to appreciate. They don't make them—compose them, print and bind them—like they used to. Yes, I know, it's what's *in* the book that is important, but a good book is all the better when well and carefully made. (Mr. F would never dream of dangling elegant froth before my eyes.) And that's expensive to do: I wish I were a union printer these days, or maybe owned a paper mill. Yet as the processes grow more expensive, and the prices of the books soar, the quality declines. Take for instance this year's crop of Christmas Gift Books. There are a few glorious exceptions, but the norm is shoddy.

ONE OF THE handsomest exceptions is *Louis Agassiz Fuertes and the Singular Beauty of Birds*. Fuertes (fl. 1890-1927) was an Audubon and then some; his birds, of which sixty are here reproduced in meticulous color, seem to live. The book also includes extracts from Fuertes' diaries of field trips, illustrated with black-and-white sketches from his notebooks (Harper, 220 pp., $29.95 to December 31, $35 thereafter). In *Witness to Nature* another artist, Alfred Eisenstaedt, offers his photographs of animals, flowers, landscapes and such, including some puzzling-then-breathtaking closeups and a few examples of intelligent "trick" photography (Viking/Studio, 128 pp., $16.95).

Our national parks, monuments and seashores get a quick rundown from Stewart Udall in *America's Natural Treasures*. The treatment is too brief to be very satisfying; the pictures are nice enough, but I really don't enjoy being shown a black-and-white picture while the caption writer tells me about, e.g., "the rainbow bands of color for which Capitol Reef is justly famous" (Rand-McNally, 224 pp., $14.95). *The American Coast* covers all of it, in order, from Maine to Washington plus Alaska and Hawaii; good photographs, mostly black-and-white (Scribner, 159 pp., $12.50). *Wild Wealth* is an unusual and quite handsome book about growing things, by ecologist Paul Bigelow Sears, gardener Marion Rombauer Becker and flower-arranger Frances Jones Poetker: not a how-to-do-it manual, but an in-depth appreciation, illustrated with subdued pen-and-ink drawings by Janet Reberg Forberg. It's the perfect book for anyone who's deeply into plants (Bobbs-Merrill, 312 pp., $20).

ART BOOKS (very few of those this year): *American Still-Life Painting* by William H. Gerdts and Russell Burke is more scholarly than sumptuous; it's distinguished by hundreds of details from larger works (Praeger, 259 pp., $25). One of the handsomest, best-made books this season is William Gaunt's *The Great Century of British Painting: Hogarth to Turner*, a careful survey of the eighteenth century, full of paintings bursting with humanity (Praeger/Phaidon, 233 pp., $25). *The Human Figure*, by the European critic Charles Wentinck, traces just that in art from the caves of Lascaux to the dehumanized, dehumanizing moderns. Lots of illustrations, every single one of them in color (that's still possible when you print abroad—this book was done in Holland) (Livingston, 160 pp., $18.50).

Two that zero in: Cyril Aldred's *Jewels of the Pharaohs* includes excellent photographs (mostly color; *this* one was done in Switzerland) taken specially in Egyptian museums (Praeger, 256 pp., $15); *Ghiberti's Bronze Doors* by Richard Krautheimer shows every single inch of what Michelangelo admiringly called "the gates of Paradise"; but to see them in color you'll have to go to Florence (Princeton, 184 pp., $7.50). And two that cover periods you might have thought were better left ignored (you were wrong): *Dreamers of Decadence* by Philippe Jullian, all about the Symbolist painters of the 1890s (Praeger, 268 pp., $12.50), and Martin Battersby's *The Decorative Thirties*, which

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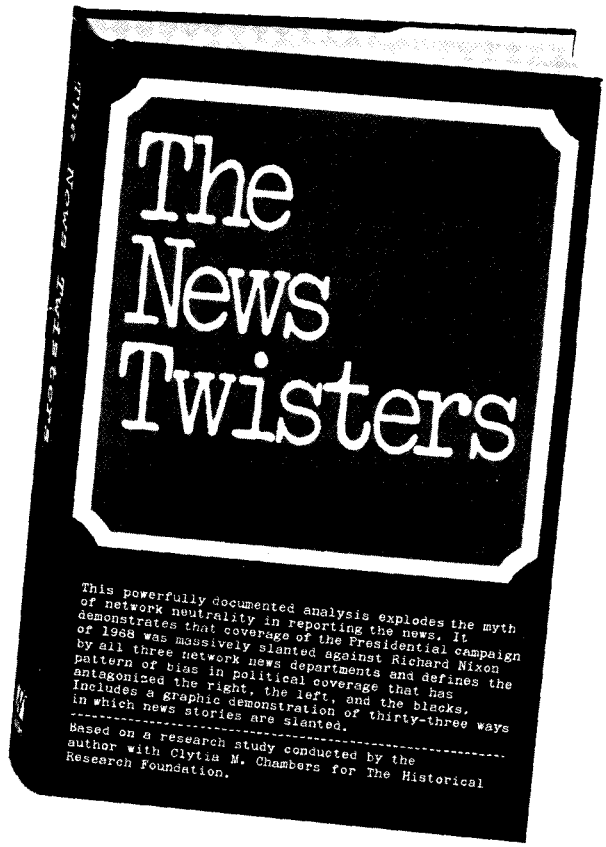
"The News Twisters" is a hard-hitting new book that exposes the left-leaning bias of the TV networks that conservative Americans have always felt existed in the communications media. We felt that it was the perfect book to use to introduce NR readers to COMBAT, the frank and exclusive newsletter (published by NR, Inc. on the 1st and 15th of each month) that keeps you intimately informed about the New Left, the Communists, Red China (even biased TV news coverage!) – anything that poses a threat to America's security. COMBAT was first to publish the infamous Black Panther coloring book in its entirety, and, incidentally, one of the first to offer original and documented proof of TV news bias. You won't find COMBAT's news duplicated elsewhere–it is must reading for all concerned Americans. To get your copy of "The News Twisters" enter your COMBAT subscription now at no more than the regular rate of $24 per year–we'll process your subscription immediately and send you the book, all postage paid. Use the coupon below. No need to pay with order, we'll bill you later if you prefer.


The News Twisters
This powerfully documented analysis explodes the myth of network neutrality in reporting the news. It demonstrates that coverage of the Presidential campaign of 1968 was massively slanted against Richard Nixon by all three network news departments and defines the pattern of bias in political coverage that has antagonized the right, the left, and the blacks. Includes a graphic demonstration of thirty-three ways in which news stories are slanted.
Based on a research study conducted by the author with Clytia M. Chambers for The Historical Research Foundation.

t last–the things you've always claimed were true about TV news coverage proved rue by this startling book that documents 'V's liberal bias–you'll be talking about nd quoting from this sizzling expose all eason long!

'The News Twisters" (initials T.N.T.) by national TV analyst Edith Efron is an explosive new book that spells out in black and white ust how biased the TV networks actually are! This book is not just nother "quickie" expose long on outrageous conclusions, but acking in evidence to back them up. "The News Twisters" is a erious in-depth book, based on two years of careful, original research. Edith Efron shows clearly how the news coverage of the 968 Presidential campaign was positively slanted against Richard Nixon, and proves TV's soft treatment of the left. (". . . the pro-left iew is more 'forceful' than the anti-left view. An actively agreeable and/or harmless picture of the left is communicated and hard, erious warnings to the country against violent new Leftists by the ederal Bureau of Investigation are surpassed by two networks out f three.") And the book contains reports that newsmen who are pposed to the network bias are intimidated, admissions by major etwork figures that their newscasts are biased, plus an analysis f thirty-three techniques used to slant the news! "The News wisters" is illustrated with easy-to-understand charts that will hock you in their documentation of bias. (Be sure to look at the words against Nixon" charts and the "words for and against the J.S. Vietnam War Policy" chart – you will be amazed at the immensity of the bias.) This is a must-read book for everyone – specially all those Americans who have suspicions as to the impartiality of the TV networks. "The News Twisters" (which contains an extremely valuable appendix, documenting TV editorials tc., in itself well worth the price of the book) retails for $7.95, ut is yours FREE and postpaid with your COMBAT order.

Here is what National Review says about "The News Twisters"

The results are even more scandalous than might have been anticipated. Listeners to the ABC and NBC news heard nine times as many anti-Nixon words as pro (ABC: 7,493/869); CBS, however, outdid itself: 5,300 against and 320 for. Analogous statistics turn up elsewhere. Where the bombing-halt was concerned, CBS put out 407 words for and 36 against; NBC 814 for and 147 against; ABC 904 words for and 165 against. Again and again comparable ratios turn up on the litmus issues.

Miss Efron's conclusions are irrefutable: "The networks actively opposed the Republican candidate, Richard Nixon, in his run for the Presidency . . . actively favored the Democratic candidate, Hubert Humphrey . . . largely evaded the issue of violent radicals . . . actively slanted their opinion coverage in favor of the black militants and against the white middle-class majority . . . actively slanted their opinion coverage against U.S. policy on the Vietnam war."

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unaccountably omits the Kelvinator refrigerator (Walker, 208 pp., $20). Finally, two inexpensive delights: *Fantastic Tales, Strange Animals, Riddles, Jests and Prophecies of Leonardo da Vinci*, a nice little book drawn from the wilder pages of his notebooks, by Emery Kelen (Nelson, 144 pp., $6.95), and *The Golden Age of the Poster*, seventy from the 1890s, all in color (Dover paperback, 80 pp., $3.95).

Horizon's big, beautiful, superficial blockbuster this season is a *History of Africa*—mildly interesting, and nice to look at (American Heritage Press, 530 pp., $19.95, $25 after December 31; deluxe edition $29.95/$35). *Chronicles of the Hudson* is three centuries of travelers' accounts, from the coming of the Dutch to the coming of the railroad, edited by Roland van Zandt (Rutgers, 368 pp., $20). Two Chicago columnists, Robert Cromie and Herman Kogan, collaborate on a picturebook account of *The Great Fire: Chicago 1871*; did you know there exists not one photograph of the fire in progress? (Putnam, 237 pp., $12.95.) *A Century of Sports*, by the staff of the Associated Press, covers everything even unto table tennis; lots of exciting action photographs, atrociously reproduced (Hammond, 434 pp., $9.95).

For nostalgics, three from Arlington House: *Ring Bells! Sing Songs! Broadway Musicals of the Thirties* by Stanley Green (378 pp., $14.95); *Simon Says*, contemporary comment on the musicians of the Swing era by *Metronome* columnist George T. Simon (476 pp., $19.95); *1927: The Picture Story of a Wonderful Year*, by Carl H. Giles (328 pp., $9.95). And you'll deny it, but in some awful day you may actually be nostalgic for the 1960s, in which case *The Times in Review 1960-1969*, 852 pages of *New York Times* pages, will come in handy; right now it's good for a fast headache (Random House, $25).

THE FUNNIES from The Yellow Kid to Mr. Natural get covered in *75 Years of the Comics*, a no-comment anthology edited by Maurice Horn (Boston Book & Art, 112 pp., $9.95) and *Comix: A History of Comic Books in America*, heavy social commentary by pseudo-scholar Les Daniels (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, 197 pp., $7.95). Alas there's no new Chas. Addams book this year—but there is *I Paint What I See* by Gahan Wilson, who is infinitely more ghoulish (Simon & Schuster, 128 pp., $5.95).

Finally, a miscellany. *Reflections on Greece* is color photographs by Roy Moore, tricked out with quotations from Nikos Kazantzakis that serve no purpose that I can discern. The pictures are—may I say it one more time?—beautiful, all in Glorious Living Color, printed in—Japan (Walker, $30). My own favorite book this time around is *A Medieval Bestiary*, animals real and fanciful, translated by T. J. Elliott with wood engravings by Gillian Tyler; printed at Leonard Baskin's Gehenna Press, a pleasure to look at and touch.

A hard-to-find book from a small publisher; if your bookstore is disinclined to hunt it up for you, Mr. Firuski (Housatonuc Bookshop, Salisbury, Conn. 06068) has it (Godine, unpaged, $12.50). *One Time, One Place* is snapshots Eudora Welty took in Mississippi in the Thirties, gathered now without pretentious accompanying commentary (Random House, 113 pp., $7.95). And one for the season: Thomas Nast's *Christmas Drawings for the Human Race*, with lively recollections of the man who first pinned Santa to the drawing board by his grandson, Thomas Nast St. Hill (Harper, 126 pp., $7.50). □

Jeeves and the Tie That Binds
By P. G. Wodehouse
Simon & Schuster, 189 pp., $5.95

THE BLISSFUL WORLD OF WODEHOUSE

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

I suppose there may be somebody, somewhere—in Outer Mongolia, perhaps, or the remotest jungles of the Congo—who does not know that P. G. Wodehouse recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday and that a brand new novel about Jeeves and Bertie was published to coincide with it. In Britain, certainly, such ignorance would be possible only if one never read the newspapers, listened to the wireless or looked at television.

There have been countless interviews with Wodehouse at his home in Remsenburg, Long Island. We have been shown the master at work, and keeping fit by doing his daily dozen, and reading detective stories (Rex Stout and Agatha Christie are his favorites), and watching a soap opera on television every afternoon. We know that he is now writing a sequel to *The Luck of the Bodkins*, which was published more than forty years ago; that his daily rate of production, though steady, has slowed up (which is surely forgivable in a man who has written some seventy novels, three hundred stories and about five hundred essays and articles, besides working on half-a-dozen movies, sixteen plays and 23 musical comedies); and that the Wodehouse home is limitlessly hospitable to stray animals and birds.

Without exception, all the interviewers have paid tribute to his gentleness, simplicity and charm. The once-notorious broadcasts which he recorded, as a prisoner of war in Germany, at the request of an American radio correspondent, and which inevitably the Nazis then used, are now universally recognized to have been, not merely innocent, but rather touching evidence of his unworldliness and his inability to dislike anybody.

Only the British government has, so far, lamentably failed to make amends or to offer any suitable birthday tribute. There should have been a knighthood at least, or perhaps the Order of Merit. Many people in England have sug-

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gested it, but the politicians and bureaucrats are apparently too crass to honor themselves by honoring him. Since he is still an Englishman at heart, although he has been an American citizen for some years, Wodehouse would probably appreciate a tangible mark of his countrymen's affection: but his status in the pantheon of English—or Anglo-American—letters needs no artificial laurel crown. He is a supreme comic artist, with a style uniquely his own and a golden purity of heart.

SO, IF THERE REALLY IS any recluse who hasn't heard the news, one can only urge him to run, not walk, to his nearest bookshop; for P. G. Wodehouse's birthday present to us is indeed a new full-length Jeeves story. In Britain it is called *Much Obliged, Jeeves* and in America *Jeeves and the Tie That Binds*: and it is absolutely, wholly, unquestionably, up to standard. One doesn't have to say "What a remarkable achievement for a man in his ninetieth year" (though, of course, it is a remarkable achievement). Unlike, one must admit, some of his recent novels, it displays to the full all the intricacy of plot, economy of effect and marvelous manipulation of language with which he was delighting his readers thirty, forty, fifty, years ago. It is his best book since *The Ice in the Bedroom*, which I reviewed in these pages on the occasion of his eightieth birthday: and, being about Jeeves and Bertie, it is even better.

Not much need be said about the plot, except to assure veteran readers that all the proper elements are present. Bertie is summoned once more to Market Snodsbury, the scene of so many previous triumphs and disasters, by his good and deserving Aunt Dahlia (not to be confused with Aunt Agatha, who chews broken bottles and is widely reputed to conduct human sacrifices at the time of the full moon), to help his old friend Ginger, who is standing for Parliament at a by-election. To his horror, Bertie finds the house infested not only by the dreaded Spode but by no fewer than two former fiancées, Madeline Basset (who thinks the stars are God's daisy chain and that every time a fairy blows its wee nose a baby is born) and the formidable Florence Craye, both now prepared to make the supreme sacrifice and marry him. There is also the problem of concealing from the electorate Ginger's wild past, when he used to get slung out of restaurants for throwing eggs at the electric fan and was frequently arrested on Boat Race night for pinching policemen's helmets; behavior which, as Aunt Dahlia says, might be overlooked in the Cities of the Plain, but not in Market Snodsbury.

Fortunately Jeeves is at hand to adjust the young master's neckwear ("There is no time when ties do not matter, sir") and to extract him from soup thicker than any concocted by the chef Anatole.

We are given some valuable new information. For the first time, we cross the threshold of the Junior Ganymede. We learn Jeeves' Christian name and why Bertie's middle name is Wilberforce and who Tuppy Glossop's father was. If one wanted to carp, one might complain that Aunt Dahlia is now positively stated to be Aunt Agatha's sister, whereas we all know that, when she married Bertie's Uncle Thomas in the year Bluebottle won the Cambridgeshire, Bertie was saying to himself, before they were halfway down the aisle, "That woman is much too good for the old bird." But that we should fall, hawk-like, on such points merely shows our devotion to the canon.

WODEHOUSE HAS SAID that what he is really writing are musical comedies without music, and foreigners read his books in translation mainly for the ingenuity of the plots. But, for us, the chief joy must always be the words themselves, not just occasional jokes but the inimitable phrasing of almost every sentence. For example (to take a passage quite at random):

> The french windows being open, gnats in fairly large numbers had been coming through and flitting to and fro. It's a thing one always has to budget for in the English countryside. In America they have screens, of course, which make flying objects feel pretty nonplussed, but these have never caught on in England and the gnats have it more or less their own way. They horse around and now and then get into people's eyes.

This is as unmistakably Wodehouse as a random passage from Homer is unmistakably Homer. Both, in their very different ways, are poets.

As Evelyn Waugh pointed out, it is nonsense to say that Wodehouse is old-fashioned, or dated, or Edwardian, either in the world he describes or in the language his characters speak. The blissful world of Wodehouse never existed, in any age, on this earth, and the language of his Eggs, Beans and Crumpets was never heard on human lips. "They are still in Eden," Waugh said. "The gardens of Blandings Castle are that original garden from which we are all exiled."

Bertie Wooster himself—a character persistently underrated by the critics because they see him only in the strong shadow of Jeeves—is the epitome of Wodehouse's creation; a *preux chevalier* indeed, faithfully maintaining the Code of the Woosters with a cheerful self-sacrificing gallantry which earns him a place, if not with the Chevalier Bayard, at least with Don Quixote. He is that profoundly Christian figure, the Fool of God.

When P. G. Wodehouse wrote his first novel Ernest Hemingway was not yet three and T. S. Eliot was rising fourteen. Now, like Sophocles, he brings us, in extreme old age, still another glorious, and gloriously entertaining, work of art. What can one say but thank you? □

Science in History
By J. D. Bernal
MIT, 4 vol., 1,328 pp., $3.95/vol.

THE PRICE OF BLINKERS

MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

The majority of scientists in the Western world rarely consider the nature or historical origins of the axiomatic assumptions which guide them. Perhaps the task of defining questions for experimental analysis inhibits extraneous thoughts. Whatever the reason, much has been lost as a result, and the price may be the free exploration of nature that we have come to know and expect from our scientists.

J. D. Bernal, in his four-volume work *Science in History*, deals primarily with this issue. Although completed in 1954, the books have only recently been made available to a general audience by MIT Press. They are must reading for anyone wanting to understand the problems inherent in scientific experimentation and discovery, and they provide a fascinating, often infu-

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Don Rogers is a highly-respected economic advisor, author of 10 books, and former Financial Editor of The New York *Herald Tribune*. (He gained national attention during his days at the *Tribune* by incurring President Kennedy's wrath for his part in the scoop of the famous Big Steel price rollback.) Rogers brings to *The Economy Report* more than three decades of on-the-job experience with the fast-changing economy.

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riating view of the history of scientific theory.

Bernal is a Marxist with a Marxist view of the history of science. And, in case you're wondering, that means scientific discovery is the cumulative product of the sociological moment; ideas are not generated in the mind, rather they are the synthesis of complex social conditioning. It is society at large which discovers, with the individual being only the vehicle or tool of this greater force. Some idea—and Bernal purports to back it up with case after case. Darwin, for example, invented the idea of natural selection, not from inspection of his data, but by applying to his data the then "current conception of the natural justice of free competition." Similarly, Sir Isaac Newton's ideas on inertia are a direct lift from "prevailing interpretations of religion."

Of course, the major alternative interpretation of the scientific process is the one originally set forth by Plato and later Aristotle. It is also the basis of much of Western thought and it is traced to the belief that there is such a thing as reality; it does exist and can be discovered by logic, thought and even experimentation. It exists independently of culture and discovering its ways is not dependent on culture.

In this light, one can instantly see how critical a role the mind-brain problem plays in interpreting the history of science. Bernal takes the straight behaviorist line and assumes there are few if any built-in mental capacities in the brain of man. On the other hand, mentalists would say that such things as perception of causal relations of all kinds are the product of fixed brain properties. Bernal and Marxists would say, to the contrary, they represent the pervasive effects of sociological conditioning on an otherwise *tabula rasa.* The difference is profound, of course, and in modern times one does not have to be a Marxist to accept this notion. Indeed, probably most scientists would subscribe to the view, without considering too deeply the implications.

FOR ALL OF Bernal's scholarship it should be noted that equally talented efforts in the area of the history of science have yielded different interpretations. Richard Kuhn maintains the historians of science are notoriously sloppy. Most of them, when recounting the development of a particular idea, paint an artificial picture that suggests scientific ideas progress rationally, cumulatively and smoothly. Kuhn claims, in fact, if a careful analysis is made of major scientific breakthroughs, quite a different picture emerges. Close reading of the literature in any area would more often than not find it shooting off in any number of directions. No sane man would ever predict that a new and valid theory was imminent.

AS I SAID, Bernal can be infuriating. In some areas he is clearly a dilettante while in others he is a rabble rouser. He calls James Burnham a fascist and cites his *Managerial Revolution* as having put off the orderly growth of political science for quite a few years. While it must be flattering for an *NR* editor to be sandwiched in between Aristotle and Marx in any context, it does make me wonder, knowing Burnham, at the probable wide range of Bernal's distorted perceptions. Clearly to have a Marxist view of the history of science is to have a strong set against seeing things as they are. There is nothing Marxist theory can't explain.

But in some sense the real message is that Western science as it is presently practiced is on a suicide course. At present science policy couldn't be more conducive to encouraging social control of scientific investigation. This is what the Marxists want, of course, and this is the direction we are innocently going in the U.S., in the name of social progress. Thanks to Presidents Johnson and Nixon, the funding of science has in the past few years become single-centered. Under the guise of efficiency, manageability etc. there are now only two agencies in Washington which fund basic science and both are constantly badgering the individual investigator to be relevant. The politicians and the science administrators decide what problems to study and the university professor, if he is to research at all, must follow the directive: "Do research that helps current social problems." As a result, the scientist is forced to change his stated objective in line with political expedience and actually change his research, or, as is more often the case, make outlandish claims as to the practical applications of his research while in fact continuing on his normal course. This naturally is a bad state of affairs for science, for the ultimate cost will be that the free exploration of nature will stop and the scientist will be subjugated to the political will of the state. In other words our present science policy is becoming at an alarming rate essentially Marxist. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

YOUTH AND DISSENT: *The Rise of a New Opposition, by Kenneth Keniston (Harcourt, 403 pp., $9.95).* The title about says it all. In this collection of twenty previously published essays, Keniston, a Yale psychology professor, argues that The Young we shall have always with us—and likely in an adversary role. Though "ungreened" by the counterculture, Keniston sees something "noble and important" in what the kids are doing. Fortunately, his dignified tone helps redeem him. And he does draw an interesting portrait of the campus activist—bright, idealistic, non-vocationally minded, reared in a democratic, permissive, upper-middle-class environment. On the whole, a not unuseful book. One thing bothers me exceedingly, however: Keniston's marginal understanding of the non-radical student. As Keniston sees it, support for traditional values comes from bourgeois careerists on the make, who feel threatened both by those who've made it already (the radicals) and those who are "excluded" (blacks etc.). What this amounts to, of course, is a glib put-down of young people benighted enough to esteem the Permanent Things. And it indicates that a detailed study of the youthful Right is among our more present literary needs.

W. MURCHISON JR.

SURVIVING THE FUTURE, *by Arnold Toynbee (Oxford, 164 pp., $5.95).* This book is important, though in a rather minor way, for several reasons, and in each case it is depressing as well. To be sure, it is not important for the brilliance or originality of what is said, nor (I think) was it intended to be: it could, in the Victorian manner, have been subtitled *Reflections at Eighty*, and that would have given an adequate idea of the kind of book it is. But it is important, first, because Professor Toynbee is largely convinced (though not perhaps so much as Professor B. F. Skinner) that we must give up our personal freedom to survive at all—second, because he believes that to shrink from the abolition of man is "not only illogical but also unenterprising and cowardly"—third, because the book reveals (in other ways besides those just mentioned) the damaging political and philosophical beliefs of one of the great intellects of our time—fourth, and not least, because it is an electronic book, the edited transcription of (apparently extempore) question-and-answer dialogue at Kyoto University, an off-the-top-of-the-head book, so to speak, not altogether either the fish of conversation nor the flesh of writing, but a curious amphibian hybrid. I suppose we shall see many more such hybrids in the future (if we survive): in the meantime, I do not think the kinds of importance I find in this one justify buying it.

J. C. LOBDELL

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Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

A Contest, and Champagne

THE THIRD ARTS AND MANNERS (NEE DELECTATIONS) CONTEST! Subject: *Glorious Excuses.* Competitors are asked to submit a minimum of two original excuses which will exonerate them from some sin or crime. Examples: The plea for mercy on the grounds that he was an orphan by a man who had murdered his parents. A schoolboy's explanation of a deplorable report card: it provided plenty of evidence that he was not taking mind-expanding drugs. An Israeli Peeping Tom caught peeping at a girl undressing explained he was only following the example of King David, who fell in love with Bathsheba when she was taking a bath. Your uncorruptible judges: William F. Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, C. H. Simonds and myself. Three prizes plus a Booby Prize, all books. All entries must be postmarked by January 15, 1972.

Ah, Champagne!

The person I first associated with champagne was an elderly Italian great-aunt, who drank a split every morning at eleven, lying on a chaise longue: This agreeable and worldly party, tired of living with a dull husband (her children were grown) in Aquila, in the Abruzzi, where it is cold in winter, had parlayed a slight bout of pneumonia into a villa in San Remo, where she spent all but the hottest summer months. She had delicate lungs, you see. She belonged to the side of my mother's family we did not talk to, but curiosity overcame my mamma one day when we were not far from San Remo so that we went to see the old lady. I must have been around ten, and I remember her on an Empire sofa, covered with a white lacy shawl. For the occasion, she ordered up a whole bottle of the bubbly, and I got my own glassful. I liked it, and have ever since.

CHAMPAGNE IS a much better all-around drink than many people think who've only drunk it at wedding crushes. It is a wine you can drink any time you want, to cheer you when you are depressed, as an aperitif and even as a dinner wine when you want to make the wine thing simple. A champagne party is much easier to give than a cocktail party, and not that much more expensive. You don't need anybody to tend bar, and you don't need much food—a few plain cookies are quite enough; people don't have to be fed little things in order to prevent them from getting sloshed too quickly. All the host has to see to is that there are enough open bottles.

Champagne should be served chilled, not iced out of its wits. Take out the cork carefully so that it won't pop and let the bubbles, which were so costly to put in, escape. Do not open a bottle which is warm or which has been jiggled about. The flat open champagne glasses are not nearly as good for the drink as the tall fluted ones or the eight-ounce tulip wine glasses, because both of these keep the bubbles in.

If you don't want to take your champagne straight, you can make a nourishing Shandy, half champagne, half stout, good for nursing mothers and fathers with hangovers. Champagne cocktails are made by pouring a shot of brandy into the champagne, plus a dash of bitters, splashed on a piece of sugar or straight into the glass. Another good drink is a Mimosa, orange juice laced with champagne, or champagne laced with orange juice, depending on your temperament.

THE ONLY sparkling wine which can legitimately call itself Champagne comes from a region in northeastern France, around Rheims, the city with one of the most splendid cathedrals in the world. It must be made from a certain kind of grape and by certain methods according to strict local rules. Other regions in France and in the world make sparkling wines, and some are very good, but they are not Champagne. In America, sparkling wines do call themselves champagnes, which makes the French fret, though they can't do a thing about it.

The driest of all champagnes is Brut, then comes Extra Dry or Extra Sec which is not quite as bone dry, followed by Dry or Sec and Demi-Sec, the sweetest of them all. The taste for extremely dry Brut is by no means universal, and, very generally speaking, it is better to buy Extra Dry or even Dry for a party.

Then there is the question of vintage. Most champagne is blended, and shows no date on the label. The maker of the brand prides himself on his knowledge of combining the wines of different vineyards into the blend that has made him famous, and it is in his greatest interest to keep the quality and flavor associated with that particular brand as stable as he can. But when the grapes of a particular year are outstanding, the champagne is made mostly from the year's harvest of grapes, and the year is put on the bottle. The difference between a vintage and a non-vintage year is around two dollars. Here again, opinions, vary, but most connoisseurs don't attach much importance to the vintage year, saying that the whole thing partly cashes in on the current snobbery for vintage wines. If you must have vintage champagne, the very best are 1928, 1947, 1952, 1953, 1959, 1964 and 1966. And do not hoard champagne, since it does not improve with age. It comes to you ready to drink, unlike some wines.

There are any number of good champagnes, and their tastes are different, though not as different as Chianti and Bordeaux wines. It does not cost a fortune to taste them to find one's brand preference. My own: Laurent Perrier

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for French Champagne—the Grand Siècle is for me the ultimate, and the non-vintage is excellent. For American champagne, I think two California ones outstanding: Almaden Blanc de Blancs, and Korbel's Nature and Brut. □

THEATER

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

Kennedy Candide

That Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* should have been one of the first attractions in the Opera House of the Kennedy Center was predictable and reasonable: Bernstein had composed his controversial, undeniably chic, eclectic "Mass" for the Center; Bernstein is a major American popular composer; and *Candide* is, for everyone interested in the American musical theater, the lost masterpiece, its reputation enhanced by fifteen years of fantasizing, on the part of people who own the record, as to what the short-lived original Broadway production must have looked like. So *Candide* came to the Kennedy Center.

Musically the production came up to memories of the album, though barely. Mary Costa's Cunegonde ducked some challenges of the big pastiche aria "Glitter and Be Gay" and too often substituted coquetry for voice. Frank Porretta's Candide and William Lewis' Governor (et alia) were fine. Rae Allan's Duenna was laden with excess consonants that impeded any clear understanding of what she was saying about two-thirds of the time. The chorus, conducting and acoustics were acceptable. A feast for the ear.

The score stands up reasonably well, though few would now argue that Bernstein's *Candide* is other than a period piece. And it has not gained a book, thereby putting it in a curiously analogous position to *Jesus Christ Superstar*, which also depends upon the conceiving power of a director to hold it together. Alas, Sheldon Patimkin, director and bookwriter, fails. Some of the jokes are funny, but not enough of them, and the continuity is minimal, exactly the thing you would expect if you had a desperate last-minute urge to string some songs together about Candide and supply a lamely narrated plot to give them coherence. So *Candide* is a modestly effective nostalgic score with no book.

Where one might have expected directorial brilliance to remedy the absence of playwriting skills, as it so often does in our present theater, nothing happens. Characters come to the front of the stage and sing. The sets are flimsy, the stage awkward to move on, the costumes a kind of embarrassing period mod, the lighting mostly lavender and green silhouette. *Candide* is an expensive catastrophe, a triumph of a snows-of-yesteryear yearning over theatrical pragmatics.

THE AUDIENCE, which always bears watching at an event like this, tried hard. It laughed in little clumps at the more potent of the lame witticisms. It applauded dutifully and tried to pick some virtuous cast member or other to talk about during the intermission. And it sat puzzled, wondering how culture was faring if this production was the representative of the best that the nation's new culture center was trying to bring to it. Was it worth the price, the parking problems (or bus problems, there being few buses and therefore few bus problems except an absolute one), the rudeness in the box office, and the disapproval by the *Washington Post* of the whole venture?

Just barely. Even as a glorified tryout house, the Kennedy Center has its virtues. The auditoriums sound good. In spite of the much-vaunted criticism of seats without a view of the stage, the sight-lines from most of the seats are good. Given that the stages are puzzlingly proscenium (why?), they are reasonably usable. Even the mediocre seems important on the Kennedy Center stage. And moments of elemental excellence make themselves felt.

At the end of *Candide*, when Candide and Cunegonde have gone through their punishing experiences, they walk to the front of the stage in dirty costumes, tired, frazzled. With the ensemble and chorus they sing one of Bernstein's best songs, "Make Our Garden Grow." Like the characters, the actors have been through a kind of dramatic torture. The song is sung simply and well. It works, it moves the audience, it is a genuine catharsis for the two hours of frenetic emptiness that have preceded it. Like the slow-motion Wonderbread and cornflake boxes floating through the air at the end of *Zabriskie Point*, it is somehow worth waiting for. It is as if the theater were apologizing for its aimlessness and making a futile promise, that the audience for a moment believes, to get back to essentials. □

MUSIC

BRAD EVANS

Wagner Lives

The impulse of a musical tradition—like the soul of a great people—must possess a considerable reserve of inspiration for it to weather at once the grossest perversions and the lasting imprint of the heavy palm of barbarism. Bayreuth and the legacy of Richard Wagner have had to endure both.

Consider the allegation that Wagner was wont to recline above perfumed baths at Wahnfried imploring *Parisiennes* to dispatch him their underthings. View the distorted face of his beloved Germany: the abject but telling architecture of both Berlins, the petty indecencies of the Communists on the Autobahn. The distinct experience of Bayreuth—to surmount the enormities of the epoch which intervene like a traffic jam in Hamburg to drive the music from your head—must have roots running far deeper than the evanescent impression stemming from a mere musical score.

YET THERE ARE critics who, having failed themselves to come to a deeper understanding with Wagner, insist on calumny when considering the man and his music. Is it truly necessary to take great pains explaining the difference in genius between the author of *Die Meistersinger* and of, say, *Der Freischütz?* Or Hitler's *Tiefland*? The lingering pestilence of comparing Tintoretto to Norman Rockwell ought to be dispelled.

Wagner has the capacity to haunt. *Das Rheingold* can sneak up on you in the subway and show you a cloudy sky.

Richmond Crinkley *is Artistic Director of the Folger Theater Group. . . .* **Brad Evans**, *a graduate of the University of Kentucky, has served on the staffs of Rep. Gene Snyder (R., Ky.) and* Triumph *Magazine.*

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Carl Maria von Weber deserts when the border guards at Marienborn begin poking around under your back seat. Bayreuth is ahead of you the moment you leave. The Deutsche Oper Berliner is always in Berlin. Spoleto, whatever Ezra Pound may find there, is incidental.

BAYREUTH POSES questions and problems. Ought an upright fellow be ashamed should his proclivities in music run to Wagner? I have friends (only some of whom are upright) who slink about with obscure copies of *Tannhäuser* tucked beneath their habits. To the contrary, it would seem to me that—in this age of spiritual aridity—black, mysterious, Romantic music which grasps at the depths of life and being (even if composed by a "freethinker") is to be preferred over a concerto for chamberpots and aluminum spoons arrived at by a saint.

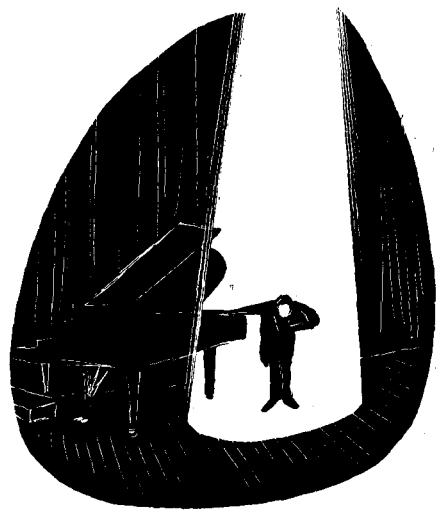
Which brings up the rather instructive case of Igor Stravinsky. Stravinsky is interesting here for two reasons: 1) because he was a faithful and, by most accounts, relatively good man; and 2) because his music is the twentieth-century antithesis of what a colleague of mine in a Stravinsky obituary derisively termed "Wagnerianism's pomps at Bayreuth."

By Stravinsky's own words we know that he deliberately excluded emotion from his music. It is businesslike, logical, mathematical—human music that anticipates the composition unit on the Moog Synthesizer. This is all very classical (or neo-classical, if you will), but what kind of music is it? Confident in the reader's own opinion on that score, I am reminded of El Greco's supposed remark on viewing Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*: "He was a good man, it's a pity he couldn't paint."

But Bayreuth is still other questions. Chagall, on viewing Rubens in the Louvre, said of that master: "He is a pig, but he is a great artist." Wagner was a nincompoop of the first magnitude—and we may rightly and dutifully be ashamed of most of the swill which he publicly set forth as his political dogma. Though he possessed the common prescience to see orthodox Communism for the dangerous folly it is, he snuggled up to Bakunin and remained (to the end so far as we may judge) a rather confirmed believer in the efficacy of revolution for the achievement of a millennialist order.

This political philosophy, if we may call it that, is contained almost wholly within the *Ring* tetralogy and is about half bosh. This is *not* to say, however, that the *Ring* cycle is comprised only of Wagner's politics. It certainly anticipates the consolidation of Germany under Bismarck, but to limit a reading of it to that (as Hitler types did) is the most faulty comprehension of Wagner's intention.

The *Ring* contains Wagner's hopes for a new Germany, true, but far from the "New Germany" proclaimed by the obnoxious billboards along the DDR section of the Berlin Autobahn. His Germany would be united and peaceful; a Germany, a society where his art could flourish. It is to his dishonor that the kind of politics he sometimes advocated gave rise to the totalitarian state—but to his credit that he paid them little attention. After all, I daresay there were few doctrinaire socialists around who could claim to have, on the one hand, advocated the Red Republican cause in Dresden only to turn



around and encourage the unification of all Germany under the benign rule of the king of Bavaria!

And while Wagner worked to refine his revolutionary "music-drama," he and Cosima searched for a fit place to display it. They found Bayreuth. The Festspielhaus, built overlooking the small town and Wahnfried (Wagner's home), presides today over an enlarged and busier Bayreuth—but a Bayreuth which, despite traffic lights and Wienerwalds, is synonymous to the world with Wagner. It is even fun to be lost there. Imagine driving around in the rain from Wahnfried Strasse to Cosima Strasse to Siegfried Strasse to Franz Liszt Strasse looking for Richthofenhöhe which is not far from Wieland Wagner's grave.

The town abstracts, too, the change which Wagner wrought in musical tradition. The Margrave's Opera House, near the center of town, is the oldest remaining Baroque opera house in Germany. Lavishly embellished with ivory angels flying around in gold leaf, this little eighteenth-century gem would do well as a drawing room at Versailles. It echoes the music it has heard.

The Festspielhaus is quite different. Austere and simple in every respect, it is devoted to one purpose: the explication of Wagner's art. The seats are hard and cushionless. There are no angels and no leaf (and, during *Parsifal*, no applause) to detract from the sound and the drama. Anything but black and white formal dress (medals optional) consequently appears out of place—and is treated accordingly.

THERE REMAINS another important Bayreuth question—especially so for a person on his first peregrination. The Wagner enthusiast who has not been to Bayreuth will undoubtedly have seen photographs or reproductions of the stark Wieland Wagner stagings of Richard's works. This, at first glance, is forbidding—especially since much of Wagner seen in America continues to be seen with the more traditional scenery. Until Bayreuth it is easy to live among the old-guard protectors of the scenery. *Parsifal* changed that for me.

Parsifal is intensely religious. (Nietszche broke with and denounced Wagner in part over what that philosopher regarded as Wagner's revanchist Christianity.) It pulsates with the theme of redemption and, regardless of the place or manner of production, breathes a palpable mystery. But at Bayreuth it assumes a special majesty. The principals and participants are among the world's best, of course, but *Parsifal* at Bayreuth is more than the sum of their contributions. The ghost of Wagner is embodied in Wieland Wagner's designs. Klingsor's Flower Maidens are no longer tempting, they are positively erotic. Klingsor is not evil—he is diabolically malevolent. By the end of the second act, I would have sold my possessions and joined a band of medicant minstrels at a word from Gurnemanz.

Much of it is done with light. Wagner, I think, would have approved. These are no longer any diverting little bushes to peer behind, nor any fancifully wobbling paper trees. Bayreuth gives you a choice: either immerse yourself in the drama or fall asleep. There is no room for pinochle. □

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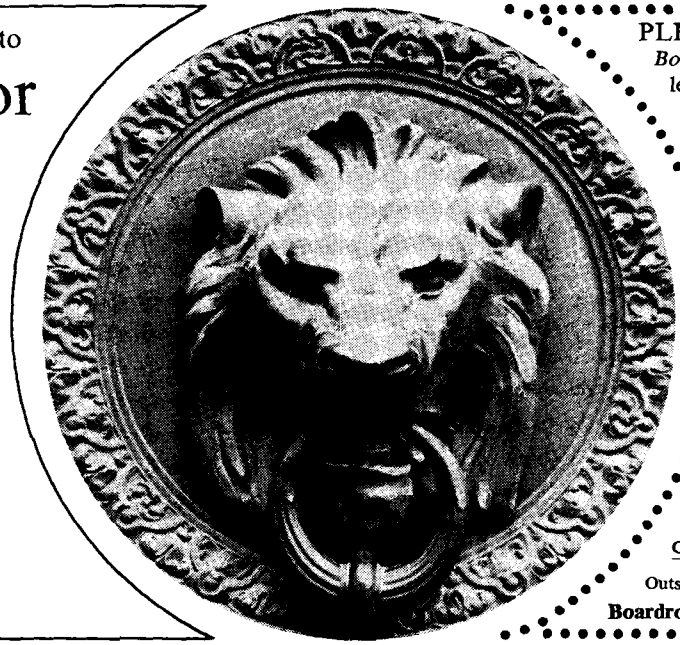

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MARTIN

(Continued from page 1411)

lava was not prepared by officials and members of lower cadres, as is usual, but by the First Secretaries of the parties and the government chairmen. The document contained concessions by the Czechoslovakians on censorship and the pace of liberalization. The Czech leaders signed it, but next day at the Central Committee meeting they were informed that it represented a defeat and they must set to work to make the nation forget what had happened. "They meant that the radio and television had to wipe it out, and create a new atmosphere doing more to further a break with the Soviet Union."

One day, a telephone call came from the Moscow Presidium. It lasted an hour and twenty minutes. The gist of the message was that if the Czechs did not keep to the Bratislava agreement, if they once again "deceived" the USSR, the Soviets would solve the problem as they saw fit.

"Next day, a letter arrived and the Soviet ambassador wandered around the Central Committee building for two days trying to deliver it, but he was not received. Esteemed comrades, suppose Dobrynin were to arrive at the White House at midnight announcing that he had a letter from Kosygin. Nixon would go downstairs in his pajamas immediately and read it! The ambassador finally delivered his letter at Prague Castle during a reception, but it never reached the Presidium. One cannot conduct political activity in such a primitive fashion."

On August 9 Tito came to Prague, and was received with wild enthusiasm. Rumania's Nicolae Ceausescu came to town a week later. After the visits of these two mavericks, *Pravda* resumed its attacks on the Dubcek government.

Then, on the night of August 17, Kadar spent ten hours telling Dubcek that the Czechs were not doing their duty, not carrying out the tasks agreed upon at Cierna, and that the allies could no longer negotiate with such a leadership. Dubcek, no doubt feeling the need for a little fresh air, went for a walk with Bilak. "I begged Comrade Dubcek to do something, to fly to Moscow. I said, 'Surely you must see that they're coming to occupy us.' " (The use of the word "occupy" is a revealing *lapsus linguae*. It has been an unword in Czechoslovakia since August 1968.) Dubcek insisted that there was no danger and chided Comrade Bilak for always looking on the dark side of things.

Bilak is asked to describe the atmosphere on August 20-21. "When they told us that Prague airport had been occupied, the Presidium was seized by a great panic, a terrible outcry started, members milled around. There was chaos. 'Tartar yokels, Asiatic devils, they are coming to plunder our beautiful country! We must turn to all the governments of the world so that they condemn it.' Others screamed, 'No, don't be stupid, we must get out of it somehow!'

"Well then, [Presidium member Zdenek] Mlynar immediately had a proclamation ready. . . . It was being shouted that the person who dared to disagree with the proclamation would be cursed for a thousand years, that he would be a traitor to his country and the nation would cast him out. Even so, some of the comrades voted against it. . . . Today I can admit it, then I couldn't, that I was thinking that if we prolonged the discussion at a time when the Russians were already at the airport they might come to the Central Committee and there wouldn't be time to approve the proclamation. Only they did not want to enter Prague, as the Soviet comrades later explained it to us in Moscow. If there hadn't been such a proclamation they would not have entered Prague.

"At the discussions in Moscow they explained to us that they originally intended to send in four divisions. But when they saw that even the Presidium was against them, the government against them, the National Assembly against them, and there was a terrible outcry, they thought that the Americans or the West Germans might take advantage of the chaos. So they threw in 29 divisions. They were determined to have it out even with West Germany. They told us in Moscow: 'You must realize that we will not let go of Czechoslovakia. . . . We shall not let Czechoslovakia out of the alliance even if we have to risk a third world war.' "

At the ensuing conference in Moscow, according to Bilak, the Czech representatives were told: "Look here, we know that we have spoiled things for ten or maybe fifteen years. You have aroused a terrible wave of anti-Sovietism throughout the world and it will condemn us. . . . But history will be on our side and will say that our action was right from the standpoint of proletarian internationalism."

Even though the reformers have been routed, says Bilak, there is still housecleaning to be done. The Party must "make order within itself, which means that it will be necessary to say goodbye to the people who do not agree with the new line. Any organization that does not agree must be dissolved. Surely two or three reliable people can be found in each one to start a new organization. Perhaps we shall lose a hundred thousand members, perhaps 200 thousand. . . . But it is necessary to instill confidence and certainty that this Party has enough strength and ability to return to the positions on which it was based and built. . . . We must get rid of the irregularities and lead the entire society on to the right path. Then, at last, we shall build a contented fatherland for all our people, we will re-establish a life of plenty and the glory of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, and make our alliance with the Soviet Union even firmer." □

THEODORACOPULOS

(Continued from page 1412)

and mingles for a moment with the crowd. He pulls back with surprise when some try to kiss his hand. It is an old Greek custom to show respect, but Mr. Agnew does not know it. He seems genuinely touched and happy to be here.

The five-foot-tall cousin reaches up and kisses the six-foot-two Vice President of the United States. One is urbane, well-groomed, sartorially perfect; the other wrinkled, shabby, seeming older than his years, bent by the harshness of his life.

Premier Papadopoulos has flown in with the Vice President as has most of the Greek government. He stays out of the limelight as much as possible. The crowds, gathered around the main square where the native dances will take place, catch sight of him and start to cheer. A woman breaks through the police cordon and kisses him. "Papadopoulos, Papadopoulos," the people chant. The dances start.

But it is time for the press to go if they are to catch a plane for Crete which is the Vice President's next stop. As they leave they are at it again. The Greek newsmen have corralled government officials to protest that whereas the press secretary provided lunch for the foreigners, it did nothing about feeding the Greeks. The spokesman loses his temper and yells at them. The foreigners also are unhappy. The story they got (you didn't see it, did you?) was not the one they were after. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1387)

that wouldn't end the spread of his ideas. So I propose the following: First we kidnap Skinner, and if he complains, we tell him that it's for his own good, and besides, he said that men needed more controls imposed upon them, so here we are imposing controls on Skinner. If Skinner is right, then we *condition* him away from his ideas. Once that is done, we have him renounce his past theories and speak in favor of volition as we have conditioned him to do. If Skinner is wrong, then we incarcerate him and "keep trying" to condition him forever.

Storrs, Conn. CHARLES R. CURLEY

Fagan's Proposal

Dennis Fagan's "(An, All Things Considered, Not, Realistically Speaking, Immodest Proposal)" [Oct. 8], if applied to those crimes with no victims, or whose victims are such by their own choosing, would be, from a practical standpoint, all things considered, a not, realistically speaking, bad idea.

New Wilmington, Pa. JAMES BRADLEY JR.

Duty, Honor, Country

I'm Private First Class John M. Kelly, 2683036, United States Marine Corps. "Hired Killer" for short. I enlisted. Voluntarily. Nobody pushed me.

Of course, I did it for the money.

That's what I keep being told by pundits, politicians and protesters. Even NATIONAL REVIEW sometimes falls into this trap ["The Week," Sept. 24].

I serve in a force that is now nearly 100 per cent volunteer, and I wouldn't have it any other way. My life may depend on how well the man next to me does his job, and I want to know that he's doing it because he wants to.

I didn't enlist for the money. I don't know anybody who did. The long-overdue military pay raise is not going to lead to a "mercenary" army, or even serve as a "positive incentive" for enlistments. At best, it simply removes an incentive not to enlist.

As a Marine PFC, I currently make $149.50 a month, which is a little less than I would get if I were on welfare. When the new pay raise goes into effect, I'll make $327 a month, which is a little less than I'd make if I were pumping gas or parking cars. I get pretty furious when I hear the epithet "mercenary" applied to American Servicemen. I'm a United States citizen serving in the United States Armed Forces. I fight for my *patria*, not my pocketbook.

I don't see the choice between a volunteer army and a conscript army as a choice between an amateur or "citizen" army and a professional or "mercenary" army. All the leaders of our current "citizen" Armed Forces—field-grade and general-grade officers and staff noncommissioned officers—are volunteers and professionals. Most of us volunteers consider ourselves to be "citizen" soldiers. We're just in for one hitch of two, three or four years. And it would be absurd, from a military standpoint, to want to have every volunteer make the Armed Forces his career. An army has its chiefs, but it must have a helluva lot more Indians.

What is it that does prompt us "true volunteers," as the Gates Commission calls us, to enlist? Beer in the barracks? Long sideburns? Go-go girls in the Enlisted Men's Club?

It's rarely one thing, and is usually a combination of the same things that have caused young men to enlist in the Armed Forces since the Revolutionary War.

Some enlist because a judge somewhere gave them a choice, or because they had a fight with their parents, or because their girl jilted them. To a lot of farm boys and slum kids in the Middle West and the Deep South, the Armed Forces still are the handiest path to travel, adventure and opportunity. It's a chance to learn a trade or to open the door to a college education.

But the biggest reason was, and is, patriotism. There are men aplenty "with soul so dead who never to himself hath said 'this is mine own, my native land,'" in the United States, but not in the United States Marine Corps, despite Donald A. Zoll's gloominess ["My Lai and the State of the Army," Oct. 8]. Not every young American looks upon his country as the global ogre.

But Mr. Zoll is partly right: It's in "Duty, Honor, Country" that the modern Volunteer Army's advertising campaign will find its most effective slogan. The duty of a citizen to serve his country during time of war may be considered archaic by the populace at large, but it is still recognized by some—enough, I think, to man America's Armed Forces in the 1970s.

You get the best men by appealing to what is best in men. Men who respond to "Duty, Honor, Country" may be fewer in number than those who might succumb to various forms of bribery, but they are the only men who can be depended upon in combat.

And they are, by and large, the kind of men we have in the Armed Forces today.

PFC JOHN M. KELLY

Camp Pendleton, Calif.

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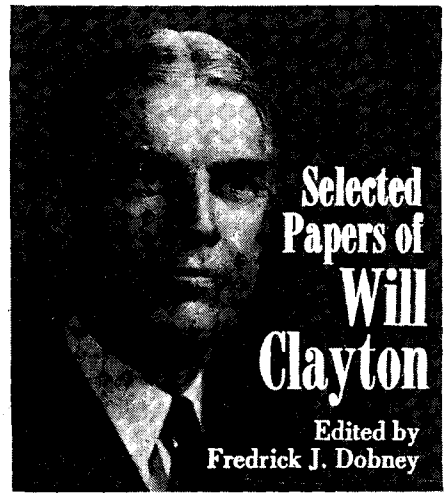

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On The Right

The Bishops and the War

New York, Nov. 26—Garry Wills begins a long paean to the Berrigan brothers in the current *Playboy* by citing two sentences from Fidel Castro spoken in 1967. "The United States shouldn't worry about the Soviets in Latin America because they are not revolutionaries anymore. But they should worry about the Catholic revolutionaries, who are." The words are apt, appearing in print a few weeks before the Catholic bishops, who earlier in the month opposed an amendment to the Constitution which would have permitted nondenominational prayer in the schools, denounced the continuation of the Vietnam war. It is only left for the bishops to proclaim that American soldiers have no business fighting for a country that permits prayer in its public schools.

Whatever the bishops are up to, let us not permit ourselves to think of them categorically, to think of them as if they are all alike, all united behind the effronteries of what Auberon Waugh, surveying the post-conciliar wreckage, calls the "silly season" of the Catholic Church. But the bishops did issue a statement in their name, and they must answer for it. It is kindest to say of it that it did attempt to reason. "At this point in history," said the bishops, "it seems clear to us that whatever good we hope to achieve through continued involvement in this war is now outweighed by the destruction of human life and of moral values which it inflicts." One bishop, from Detroit, drew from this resolution the breathtaking inference that anyone who agrees with the "Catholic position" "may not participate in this war." This startled Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans who snapped that he did not "agree with that conclusion."

The resolution must be considered abstractly, and concretely. Abstractly, the bishops appear to be saying that the maintenance of our treaty obligations in South Vietnam is wrong, because it is now "clear" that our maintenance of these commitments causes more harm than good. But the good that the administrators of our Vietnam policies, both Democrats and Republicans, pursue, is the maintenance of public confidence in our network of treaties, a collapse of which could bring on a world war. "The safety of the people of America against dangers from foreign force depends not only on their forbearing to give just causes of war to other nations, but also on their placing and continuing themselves in such a situation as not to invite hostility or insult; for it need not be observed that there are pretended as well as just causes of war" (*Federalist*, No. 4). The avoidance of a world war is a pretty substantial good.

THE POLITICAL meaning of the bishops' resolution is surely that they are dissatisfied with President Nixon's rate of withdrawal. We are losing fewer dead per week in Vietnam than we are in the streets of New York City, and the projections are that our forces in Vietnam will be less than those in Korea within one year and that South Vietnam will survive. A precipitate withdrawal at this point would change all that. Would result in thousands upon thousands—hundreds of thousands, some say, to whom the situation is at least as clear as to the bishop of Detroit—slain by a vindictive aggressor. What was the point of the bishops' resolution, if not to undermine the President's program for withdrawal?

"True religion does not look upon as sinful those wars that are waged not for motives of aggrandizement, or cruelty, but with the object of securing peace, of punishing evildoers, and of uplifting the good." Those words, of St. Augustine, are quoted by St. Thomas Aquinas in his passage on the just war. And he went on to write, "Those who wage war justly aim at peace, and so they are not opposed to peace, except to *the evil peace, which Our Lord came not to send upon earth* (Matt. 10.34)."

One wonders how long we can hold out, in America. Garry Wills, in an age when priests are tortured by two of the world's major powers, writes about the "hysterical repression" against the Fathers Berrigan in America; and the Catholic bishops, when twenty Americans per week are giving their lives to guard a frontier linked by a network of treaties to the critical frontier that separates us from a race of madmen who in a single century have slaughtered many times the number of men who gave their lives for their faith during the first two millennia of Christendom, rail against our military policies. Such is our moral paralysis. Thus do we go whimpering for the approval of the Underground Catholics, whose transfiguration teaches them that the enemy is J. Edgar Hoover and Richard Nixon, in a world that gave us Josef Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. What overwhelms one is the historical frivolity of these confused, confusing men. □

THE CAMPAIGN EXPENSE PROBLEM—I

New York, Dec. 7—The Democrats are jubilant over their bill which, simply stated, guarantees them money for Presidential campaigns roughly equal to what the Republicans spend, perhaps greater than the Republicans spend; and in any case, puts a ceiling on what the GOP will spend.

The idea is to redress a Democratic disadvantage, namely smaller cash contributions. The Democratic advantage is: organized labor unions, and of course lopsided Democratic registration, which advantages Republicans strive to overcome, mostly without success, by making extra financial sacrifices.

The Senate bill is pretty rank, and the President ought to veto it. So then where are we, on the whole matter of campaign expenses? Which means, as a general matter, mostly the expenses of television and radio.

Everyone having agreed that something should be done to regulate the use of television during political campaigns, the debate is on. The approaches, as they affect the politicians, are roughly of two schools. The first calls not for limiting the total amount spent during any campaign, but the total amount spendable by any single individual. Under this formula, it is abstractly possible in any single Presidential campaign to spend $100 billion, assuming every voter begged, borrowed or stole the maximum permitted (under

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Senator Hugh Scott's old plan) of $15 thousand.

In other words, Scott's bill reduces to one point essentially: rich people may not contribute as much money as some rich people have contributed in the past. Moreover, the Scott bill forbids anyone running for President from spending more than fifty thousand of his own dollars. I ask you, where would the Rockefeller campaigns of the past have got to with so little Rockefeller money? Where they deserved? An interesting point.

The alternative (Congressman Gerald Ford) formula is based on fixing total permissible figures for particular contests based on the number of registered voters: 20 cents apiece if you are running for President, 25 cents for the Senate, 30 cents for the House.

The Ford Plan seems to be saying that Congress should decide how much should be spent on a campaign, never mind that a particular candidate (let us imagine) so excites his backers at a particular point that they pour in the money. Under the Ford Plan, Messrs. Moneybags could presumably continue to make up for the delinquency of other voters by enormous personal contributions, just so they didn't end up contributing more than the candidate is permitted to spend.

Then there are two schools of thought affecting the broadcasters. The first (Scott's) acknowledges that the broadcasters should be paid for the use of their facilities. The second (Ford's) would require the broadcasters to put up free time during a period just before election—five half-hours for Presidential candidates, three for Senate, two for House, during the 35-day period before the general election.

There is general agreement that major Presidential candidates should be given coverage without—as is the case under the existing Fairness Doctrine—requiring that the vegetarian candidate be given equal time. Add to this unanimity on the matter of reporting the sources of contributions, plus a number of schemes aimed at shortening the period during which the primary and election campaigns take place; and that is what the arguments are all about.

The Scott formula is preferable, though it has a weakness. It is a risky business to put arbitrary limits on the amount of money that can be spent during a particular campaign. It is done of course in England quite routinely (Prime Minister Heath spent less than $3,000 on his own re-election, but Heath was elected Prime Minister by his party, not by the voters). A contribution to a political candidate is a way of exercising one's freedom to speak, and I can conceive of times of great national division—for instance, the great debates of 1968 or 1939-1941—when the citizen feels so strongly about an issue of national policy that he desires to make a special sacrifice in order to make possible the widest circulation of his point of view. Since in such situations the point of view is wedded to the candidacy of a particular human being, running for the Presidency, and, down the line, for the Senate and the House, one wonders at the wisdom, let alone the constitutionality, of saying that a candidate cannot spend all the money that is sent him. □

THE CAMPAIGN EXPENSE PROBLEM—II

New York, Dec. 9—The most offensive features of political campaigning via the broadcasting media are the most difficult to crack. There is the *length* of the campaign. I happen to like George McGovern. He is a very nice man. (Never mind that I would depart for Australia if he were elected President.) But the prospect of George McGovern (or for that matter Abraham Lincoln) night and day for maybe 24 months (yes, he launched his campaign approximately two years before the election) is more than body and soul can bear. I had a letter the other day from a sixteen-year-old second-cousin, advising me solemnly that he intended to become President of the United States. I wrote back wishing him all the luck in the world, pledging my support, but begging him not to announce his candidacy immediately.

But what does one do about it? Everybody agrees that the strain on the candidates themselves is inordinate, and that although it made sense in the earlier days of our Republic to campaign for six months before the election, since it took that much time to familiarize themselves with voters strewn about the country in their log cabins, it is no longer the case.

Two years ago a girl won election as class president at Stanford University, springing from obscurity to notoriety by the simple expedient of distributing campaign posters of herself nude, or rather seminude (at Stanford they exercise a dignified moderation). A politician struggling for higher office can gain a great deal of attention by, say, advertising himself as having discovered a formula for world peace without any need for an army, navy, air force or poison ivy. There are as many gullible people as there are prurient people, and it doesn't take long, in the age of instant communication, to engage their attention; and, every now and then, George McGoverns are elected presidents of their class. The question is: How long before it cloys? It won't be too long now before there won't be anyone left who will bother to ask Jane Fonda to disrobe. But when will the public tune out the politician who keeps telling us that we can have peace for nothing?

On the other hand, there isn't very much that can be done about it. *Something*, yes. For instance, the two major parties could agree to schedule their conventions on the first and second weekends in September, and that would shorten the campaign itself. And the states might agree to hold their primaries on the same day, let us say three weeks before the conventions. If the candidates wanted to campaign a whole year ahead of time, well: perhaps the broadcasters and the newspapers would find them less than exciting, so far away from the critical days, and treat them accordingly, or else leave them to the mercies of Johnny Carson.

AS REGARDS quality, and honesty, that is a real problem, and I doubt that in our time we are going to lick it. It was only seven years ago that Lyndon Johnson authorized a television commercial that showed a little girl, while engaged in picking daisies, interrupted by an atomic bomb, which the viewer was all but shown candidate Goldwater personally detonating. Pat Brown, running against Ronald Reagan, had one television spot featuring a little Negro shoeshine boy professing his gratitude at the emancipation of his forefathers by Abraham Lincoln, at which point Governor Brown said, "You remember who killed Abraham Lincoln, don't you, son? It was an actor."

That kind of thing can't be curbed by public or private regulation. Certainly Congress is not going to come up with a Pure Campaign Commission, which will pass on politicians' television commercials. That is up to the public: to assert itself in resentment against those politicians who have hitched their wagon to the voters' ignorance or gullibility. At this moment, that ignorance and gullibility are being given a very high rating, and the politicians often give the impression that they are returning the favors of the Beverly Hillbillies: but any attempt to work it up into an enforceable code is doomed to failure, and probably should be.

So that Congress will have to abide by the fact that it seeks to control through inexact mechanisms that which goes into the making or unmaking of decisive results. So don't look for major improvements. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Those who rob travelers — 5 14 29 150 178 161 222 20 42 91

B. A French composer and a city in West Germany — 36 88 183 151 225 70 68 157 205

C. Toast can be made from this — 58 164 140 198 162 18 118 127 206 214

D. A type of ringworm — 63 15 39 81 38 138 107 126 148 98 167 169

E. A type of arthritis — 87 170 224 54 62 211 144 56 23 85

F. The opposite of upbow — 92 182 27 67 141 185 33

G. Labor legislation passed over Truman's veto (followed by *Act*) — 97 40 47 166 139 153 113 143 220 10 19

H. A type of money — 106 102 72 172

I. Obliterates — 3 128 168 25 108 65 75 190

J. Part of a watch (or a symphony) — 110 89 7 165 146 217 46 202

K. A port on Lake Ontario — 114 76 93 12 194 204

L. Where a pugilist might live — 121 203 152 195 142 109 77 16

M. To put together — 129 79 184 104 218 43 69 155

N. Labor legislation enacted in 1959 (followed by *Act*) — 159 6 22 52 64 71 130 180 99 125 2 115 188 216

O. At right angles to the fore-and-aft line — 1 9 30 32 35

P. An operation on the brain — 176 82 111 145 199 221 24 95

Q. A thoroughfare in many a large city — 196 4 8 11 55 66 78 105 124 135 137 175 181 187 20

R. Having the power to produce a desired effect — 210 13 57 73 80 158 50 193 147 215 189

S. Emits smoke or vapor — 49 44 84 61 122

T. Labor legislation enacted in 1932 (followed by *Act*) — 74 86 37 60 200 83 132 136 154 174 179 209 17 21 28

U. Inspiring reverent wonder — 94 116 100 156 173 223 112

V. A novel by Frank Norris — 123 192 171 53 208 226 48 131 90 96

W. Shameless — 134 26 186 117 101 160 207 212

X. The kind of catches "Rabbit" Maranville made — 41 51 34 149 219 59 103 119 133 163

Y. A circular opening for the insertion of a pin, hook, rope, etc. — 45 177 120 197 191 31 213

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1433 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 O		2 N	3 I	4 Q		5 A	6 N	7 J	8 Q		9 O	10 G	11 Q	12 K	13 R	14 A	15 D	16 L	17 T
	18 C	19 G		20 A	21 T	22 N	23 E	24 P	25 I	26 W		27 F	28 T	29 A	30 O		31 Y	32 O	33 F
34 X		35 O	36 B	37 T	38 D		39 D	40 G	41 X	42 A		43 M	44 S	45 Y	46 J		47 G	48 V	49 S
50 R	51 X	52 N		53 V	54 E	55 Q		56 E	57 R		58 C	59 X	60 T	61 S		62 E	63 D	64 N	65 I
66 Q	67 F	68 B	69 M		70 B	71 N	72 H	73 R	74 T	75 I	76 K	77 L	78 Q	79 M		80 R	81 D	82 P	83 T
84 S	85 E		86 T	87 E		88 B	89 J	90 V	91 A	92 F		93 K	94 U	95 P	96 V		97 G	98 D	
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	116U	117W	118C	119X	120Y	121L	122S		123V	124Q	125N	126D		127C	128I	129M	130N	131V	132T
133X		134W	135Q		136T	137Q		138D	139G	140C		141F	142L	143G	144E	145P	146J		147R
148D		149X	150A	151B		152L	153G	154T	155M		156U	157B	158R	159N	160W		161A	162C	
163X	164C	165J		166G	167D	168I		169D	170E	171V		172E	173U	174T	175Q	176P	177Y		178A
179T	180N	181Q		182F	183B		184M	185F	186W	187Q		188N	189R		190I	191Y		192V	193R
194K	195L		196Q	197Y	198C	199P		200T	201Q		202J	203L	204K		205B	206C	207W		208V
209T	210R	211E	212W	213Y	214C		215R	216N	217J	218M	219X	220G	221P	222A	223U	224E	225B	226V	

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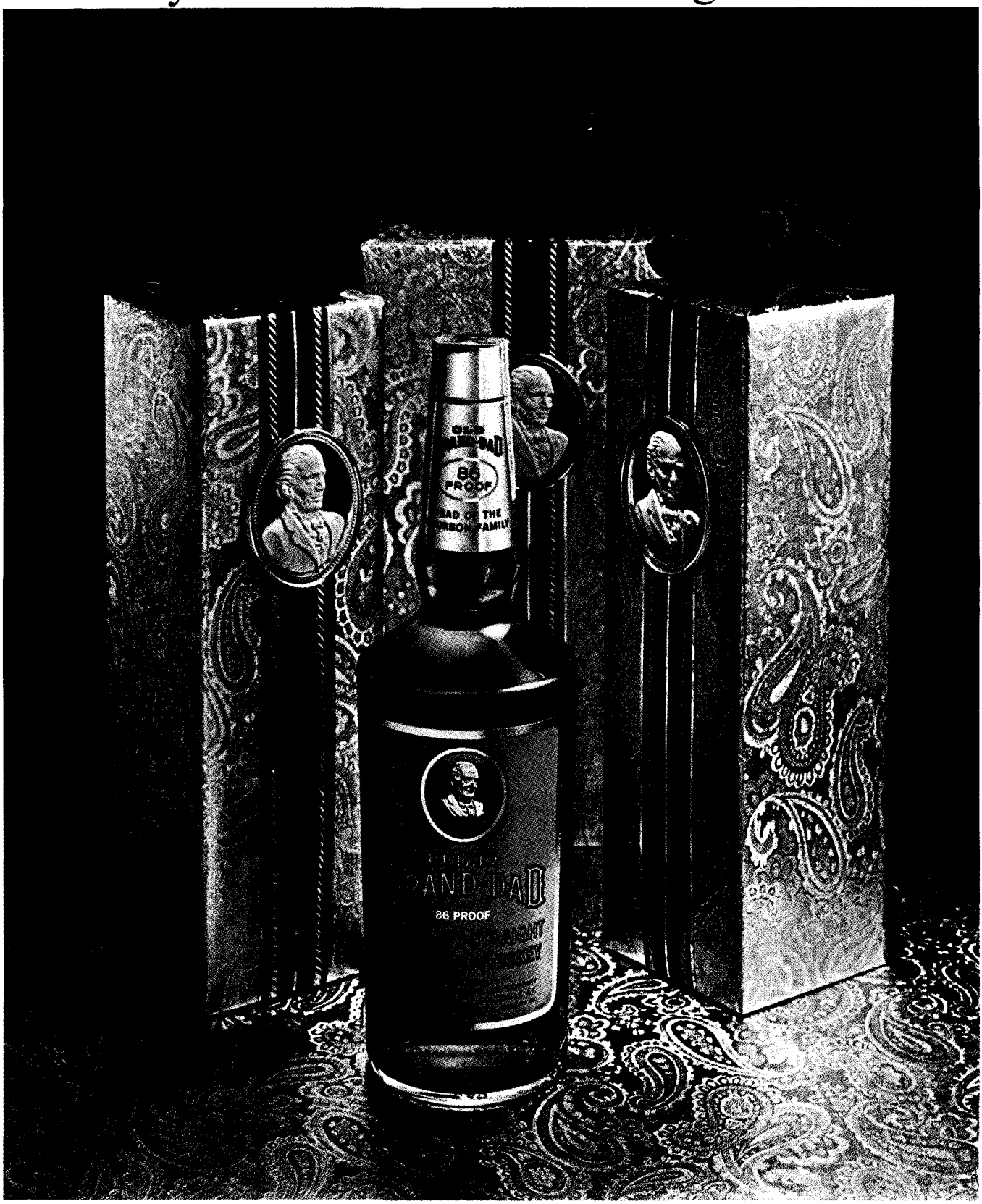

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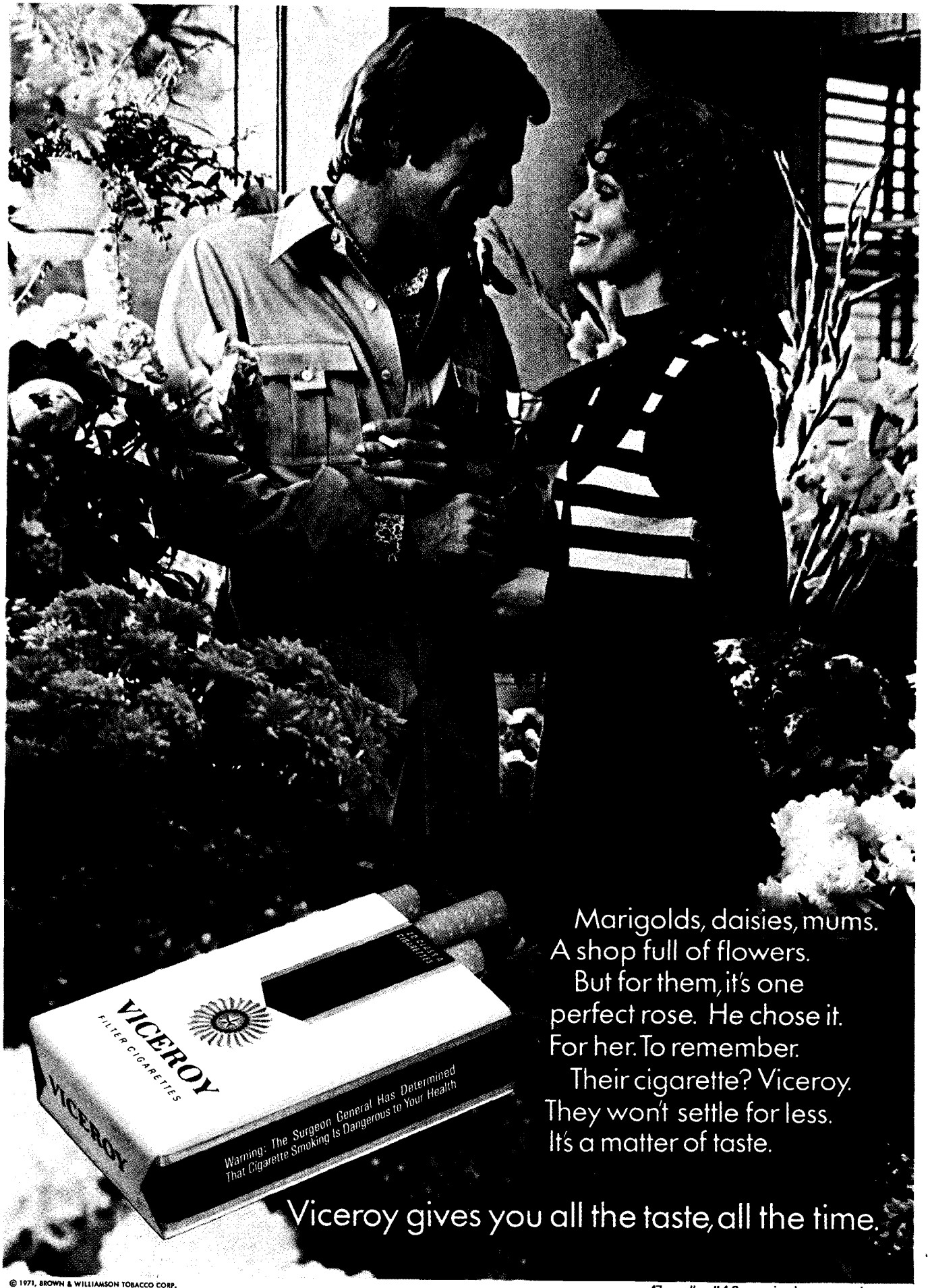
VICEROY
FILTER CIGARETTES
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
Marigolds, daisies, mums.
A shop full of flowers.
But for them, it's one
perfect rose. He chose it.
For her. To remember.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

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17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

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